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The Wisitors of the Young La diesitcademy in the city of Plil a delphia present this Book
Mif Bartow intestimony of the high Jense thay entevtain of that Young Lady's Crofficiency in
Grammar.
Octoter 31.1787

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31

## SACRED DRAMAS,

## CHIEFLY INTENDED

For YOUNG PERSONS:
The Subjects takenfrom the Bible,

To which are added :
REFLECTIONS of KING HEZEKIAH,

A N D
S E N S I B I L I T Y,
A P O E M.

By HANNAMMORE.

All the Books of the Brble are either moft admirable and exalted Pieces of Poetry, or are the beft materials in the world for it.

Cowley.

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P \text { H I L A D E L P H } 1 \text { A: }
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PRINTED FOR THOMAS DOBSON, IN SECOND-STREET, between market and chesnut-street.
M,DCNC,LXXXVII.

# THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT; 

THESE SACRED DRAMAS
ARE, WITH THE MOST PERFECT RESPECT, INSCRIBED:

AS, AMONG THE MANY AMIABLE AND DISTINGUISHED QUALITIES WHICH ADORN HER MIND, AND ADD LUSTRE TO HER RANK, her excellence in the maternal charactek GIVES A PECULIAR PROPRIETY

TO HER PROTECTION OF THIS LITTLE WORK; WRitten with an humble wish TO PPOMOTE THE LOVE OF PIETY AND VIRTUK IN YOUNG PERSONS;

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { EY HER GRACE'S } \\
& \text { MOST OBEDIENT, } \\
& \text { MOST OBLIGED, AND } \\
& \text { MOST HUMBLE SERVANT, } \\
& \text { H. MORE. }
\end{aligned}
$$

## $\left[\begin{array}{ll}{[ } & \mathrm{r}\end{array}\right]$

## A D V ER TISEMENT.

IA M as ready as the moft rigid Critic, to confefs, that: nothing can be more fimple and inartificial than the plans of the following Dramas. In the conftruction of them, I have feldom ventured to introduce any perions * of my own. creation: ftill lefs did I imagine myfelf at liberty to invent circumftances. I reflected, with awe, that the place whereon I flood was holy ground. All the latitude I permitted myfelf, was, to make fuch perfons as I felected, act under fuch circumftances as I found; and exprefs fuch fentiments as, in my humble judgment, appeared not unnatural to. their fituations.-Some of the feeches are folong as to retard the action; for I rather afpired after Moral Inftruction, than the purity of Dramatic Compofition. The very terms of ACt and Scene are avoided; becaufe I was unwilling

* Nerver, indeed, except in Daniel, and that of neceffity; as the Bible furniJbes no more thàn two perfons, Daniel and Darius; and thefe were not fufficient to carry onthe bufinefs of the Piece.
willing to awaken the attention of the Reader to my deficiencies in critical exactnefs.

It will be thought that I have chofen, perhaps, the leaft important paffage in the eventful Life of David, for the foundation of the Drama which bears his name. Yet even in this, his firft exploit, the facced Hiftorian reprefents him as exlibiting no mean leffon of modefty, humility, courage, and piety; virtues not only admirable, but imitable ; and witlun the reach of every Reader. Many will think, that the introduction of Saul's daughter would have added to the effect of the piece: and I have no doubt, but that it would have made the intrigue more complicated, and more interefting, had this Drama been intended for the Stage. There, all that is tender, and all that is terrible in the paffions, find a proper place. But I write for the Young, in whom it will be always time enough to have them awakened; I write for a clafs of Readers, to whom it is not eafy to accommodate one fubject *.

A very judicious and learned friend has remarked, that the Reflections of King Hezekiab breathe rather too much

* It would not be eafy, I believe, to introduce Sacred Tragedies on the Englifb Stage. The fcrupulous would think it profane, while the profane would think it dull. $Y_{\text {et }}$ the excellent Racine, in a diffipated country, and a voluptuous court, ventured to adapt the fiory of Athaliah to the French Theatre; and it remains to us a glorious monument of its Autbor's courageous piety, and of the perfectiont of the Dramatic Art.
of the fpirit of Chriftianity; for that it is fcarcely probable he had fo fettled a belief in the General Juidgment. I feel the juftnefs of the objection, without having been able to obviate it. I wifhed to convey a ftrong idea of this great leading truth; and have, perhaps improperly, afcribed fentiments to a Jewifh monarch, merely becaufe I wifhed to imprefs them on the Chriftian Reader.

The Critic and the Scholar, if any fuch fhould honour thefe pages with their attention, will find ample matter on which to exercife their candor and charity; qualities fo natural to genius and to learning, that even the feeblenefs of my performance will not be able to obffruct the exertion of them in favour of my intention.

The amiable Poet * from whom I have taken my motto, after fhewing the fuperiority of the Sacred, over the Profane Hiftories (fome inftances of which I have noticed in my Introduction), concludes with the following remark, which I may apply to myfelf with more propriety than it was ufed by the Author:-" I am far from "affiming to myfelf, to have fulfilled the duty of this " weighty undertaking; and I fhall be ambitious of no o" ther fruit from this weak and imperfect attempt of " mine, but the opening of a way to the courage and in" duftry of fome other perfons, who may be better able "s to perform it thoroughly and fuccesffully."

[^0]
## $\mathrm{CO} N \mathrm{~T}$ E N TS.

THE INTRODUCTION,
MOSES,
DAVID AND GOLIATH,
BELSHAZZAR,
DANIEL,
HEZEKIAH,
SENSIBILITY,

## [ 9 ]

## THE

## I NTRODUCTION.

0F O R the facred energy, which ftruck The harp of Jeffe's fon! or for a fpark Of that celeftial flame, which touch'd the lips Of blefs'd Ifaiah*; when the Seraphim With living fire defcended, and his foul From fin's pollution purg'd! or one faint ray. (If human things to heavenly I may join) Of that pure fpirit, which inflam'd the breaft Of Milton, God's own poet! when, retir'd, In fair enthufiaftic vifion rapt,
The nightly viftant deign'd blefs his couch With infpiration, fuch as never flow'd From Aganippe's fount, or Acidale! Then, when the facred fire within him burnt, He fpake, as man or angel might have fooke, When man was pure, and angels were his guefts.

[^1]It will not be.-Nor prophet's burning zeal, Nor mufe of fire, nor yet to fweep the ftrings With facred energy to me belongs;
Nor with Miltonic hane to touch the chords, That wake to ecftacy. From me, alas !
The fecret fource of harmony is hid ;
The magic powers which catch the ravifi'd foul
In melody's fweet maze, and the clear ftreams
Which to pure Fancy's yet untafted fprings
Enchanted lead. Of thefe I nothing know;
Yet, all unknowing, dare thy aid invoke, Spirit of Truth! who gracioufly haff faid,
That none who afk in faith fhould afk in vain,

## You I invoke not now, ye fabled Nine!

I not invoke you, though you well were fought In Greece and Latium, by immortal bards, Whofe fyren fong enchants; and fhall enchant, Thro' Time's wide-circling round, tho' falle their faith, And lefs than human were the gods they fung. 'Tho' falfe their faith, they taught the beft they knew ; And, blufh, o Chriftians! liv'd above their faith. They wou'd have blefs'd the beam, and hail'd the day, Which chafs'd the moral darknefs from their fouls.
Oh! had their minds receiv'd the clearer ray Of true devotion; they had learn'd to fcorn Their deities impure, their fenfelefs gods, And wild mythology's fantaftic maze.

Pure Plato! how had thy chafte fpirit hail'd A fuith fo fitted to thy moral fenfe!
What had'ft thou felt, to fee the fair romance Of high imagination, the bright dream

Of thy pure fancy more than realiz'd!
O fweet enthufiaft thou hadft bleft a fcheme
Fair, good, and perfect. How had thy rapt foul
Canght fire, and burnt with a diviner flamel
For ev'n thy fair idea ne'er conceiv'd
Such plenitude of love, fuch boundlefs blifs,
As Deity made vifible to fenfe.
Unhappy Brutus! philofophic mind!
Great 'midtt the errors of the Stoic fchool!
How had his kindling fpirit joy'd to find That his lov'd virtue was no empty name :
Nor had he met the vifion at Philippi;
Nor had he fheath'd his bloody dagger's point, Or in the breaft he lov'd, or in his own.

The Pagan page how far more wife than ours!
They with the gods they worhip'd grac'd their fong ;
Our fong was grace with gods we difbelieve;
The manners we adopt without the creed.
Shall Fiction only raife poetic flanie,
And fhall no altars blaze, O Truth! to thee?
Shall falfehood only pleafe, and fable charm?
And fhall eternal Truth neglected lie ?
Becaufe immortal, flighted or profan'd?
Truth has our rev'rence only, not our love;
Our praife, but not our heart. A deity,
Confefs'd, but fhunn'd ; acknowledg'd, not ador'd ;
She comes too near us, and the thines too bright'
Her penetrating beam at once betrays
What we would hide from others and ourfelves.

> Why fhun to make our duty our delight ?
> Let pleafure be the motive (and allow

That immortality be quite forgot :)
Where fhall we trace, thro' all the page profane,
A livelier pleafure, and a purer fource
Of innocent delight, than the fair book
Of holy Truth prefents ? For ardent youth, The fprightly narrative; for years mature,
The moral document, in fober robe Of grave philofophy array'd : which all Had heard with admiration, had embrac'd With rapture; had the fhades of Academe, Or the learn'd Porch produc'd it. Then, O then, How Wifdom's hidden treafures had beean couch'd Beneath fair Allegory's graceful veil!

Do not the pow'rs of foul-enchanting fong, Strong imag'ry, bold figure, every charm Of eattern fight fublime, apt metaphor, And all the graces in thy lovely train, Divine Simplicity! affemble all In Sion's fongs, and bold Ifaiah's frain ?

Why fhou'd the clafic eye delight to trace How Pyrrha and the fam'd Theffalian * king Reftor'd the ruin'd race of loft mankind; Yet turn, incurious, from the patriarch fav'd; The righteous remnant of a delug'd world ? Why are we taught, delighted, to recount Alcides' labours, yet neglect to learn How migthy Samfon led a life of toil Herculean ? Pain and peril mark'd them both;

- Deucalion.

A life eventful, and difaftrous death.
Can all the tales, which Grecian records yield;
Can all the names the Roman page records, Renown'd for friendfhip and furpaffing love ;
Can gallant Thefeus and his brave compeer ;
Oreftes, and the partner -of his toils;
Achates and his friend; Euryalus,
And blooming Nifus, pleafant in their lives,
And undivided by the ftroke of death ;
Can each, can all, a lovelier picture yield Of virtuous friendfhip: can they all prefent
A tendernefs more touching than the love
Of Jonathan and David ?-Speak, ye young!
You who are undebauch'd by fafhion's lore, And, unfophifticate, from nature judge, Say, is your quick attention ftronger drawn, By wafted Thebes, than Pharaoh's fmitten hofts?
Or do the vagrant Trojans yield a theme
More grateful to the eager appetite
Of young impatience, than the wand'ring tribes,
By Mofes thro' the thirfty defert led?
The beauteous* Maid (tho' tender is the tale) 2 Whofe guiltlefs Blood on Aulis' altar ftream'd, Smites not the bofom with a fofter pang
Than Jephthah's daughter, doom'd like her to die.
Such are the lovely themes, which court the Mufe, Scarce yet effay'd in verfe. O let me mourn, That heav'n-defcended fong fhould e'er forget Its facred dignity, and high defcent; Should e'er fo far its origin debafe,

To fpread corruption's bane, to lull the bad
With flattery's opiate frain; to taint the heart
Of innocence, and filently infufe
Delicious poifon, whofe infidious charm
Feeds the fick mind, and fondly minifters
Unwholfome pleafure to the fever'd tafte;
While its fell venom, with malignant pow'r,
Strikes at the root of virtue, with'ring all
Her vital energy. Oh! for fome balm
Of fov'reign power, to raife the drooping Mufe To all the health of virtue! to infufe
A gen'rous warmth, to roufe an holy pride, And give her high conceptions of herfelf!

For me, eternal Spirit l let thy word My path illume! O thou compaffionate Gob!
Thou know'ft our frame, thou know'ft we are but duf:
From duft a Seraph's zeal thou wilt not afk,
An Angel's purity. Oh! as I ftrive,
Tho' with a feeble voice and flagging wing,
A glowing heart, but pow'rlefs hand, to tell
The faith of favour'd man to heav'n, to fing
The ways infcrutable of heav'n to man;
May I, by thy celeftial guidance led,
Fix deeper in my heart the truths I fing !
In my own life tranfcribe whate'er of good
To others I propofe! and by thy rule
Correct th' irregular *, reform the wrong,

* Wbat in me is dark

Jllumine, wbat is low raife and fupport.
Paradise Lost.

## INTRODUCTION.

Exalt the low, and brighten the obfcure ! Still may I note, how all th' agreeing parts Of this well-order'd fabric join to frame One fair, one finifh'd, one harmonious whole ! Trace the clofe links, which form the perfect chain In beautiful connection; mark the fcale, Whofe nice gradations, with progreffion true, For ever rifing, end in Deity !

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PER-

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

HEBREW WOMEN.
JOCMEBED, Mother of Moses. MIRIAM, his Sifter.

EGYPTIANS.
The Princess, King Pharaoh's Daughter; MelaTA ; and other Attendants.

> SCENE on the Banks of the Nile.

Wi The Subject is taken from the Second Chapter of the Book of Exodus.

## MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES:

A
SACRED DRAMA.
$P \quad A \quad \mathrm{~T} \quad \mathrm{I}$

I will affert eternal Providence,
And jultify the ways of God to man.
Peradise Lost.

## JOCHEBED, MIRIAM.

## JOCHEBED.

WHY was my pray'r accepted ? why did heav'
In anger hear me, when I afk'd a fon ?
Ye dames of Egypt! happy, happy mothers!
No tyrant robs you of your fondeft hopes ;
You are not doom'd to fee the babes you bore, The babes you nurture, bleed before your eyes! You tafte the trenfports of maternal love, And never know its anguifh ! happy mothers !

## 18

 MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES:How diff'rent is the lot of thy fad datnghters,
O wretched Ifrael! Was it then for this ?
Was it for this the righteous arm of GoD
Refcued his chofen people from the jaws Of cruel want, by pious Jofeph's care ? Jofeph ! th' elected inftrument of heav'n, Decreed to fave illuftrious Abraham's race, What time the famine rag'd in Canaan's land. Ifrael, who then was fpar'd, muft perifh now!

Oh thou myfterious pow'r! who haft involv'd
Thy wife decrees in darknefs, to perplex
The pride of human wifdom, to confound The daring fcrutiny, and prove the faith Of thy frefuming creatures ! clear this doubt ; Teach me to trace this maze of Providence; Why fave the fathers, if the fons muft perifh ?

## MIRIAM.

Ah me, my mother! whence thefe floods of grief?

## J OCHEBED.

My fon! my fon! I cannot fpeak the reft. Ye who have fons can only know iny fondnefs ! Ye who have loft them, or who fear to lofe, Can only know my pangs! none elfe can guefs them. A mother's forrows catinot be conceiv'd, But by a mother-Wherefore am I one?

> MIRIAM:

With many pray'rs thou didft requeft this fon, And lieav'n has granted him.

JOCHEBED.<br>O fad eftate

Of human wretchednefs! fo weak is man, So ignorant and blind, that did not God Sometimes withhold in mercy what we afk, We fhou'd be ruin'd at our own requef.

Too well thou know'f, my child, the ftern decree Of Egypt's cruel king, hard-hearted Pharaoh; "That ev'ry male, of Hebrew mother born, "Muft die." Oh! do I live to tell it thee ? Muft die a bloody death! My child, my fon, My youngeft born, my darling muft be flain!

## MIRIAM.

The helplefs innocent! and muft he die?

## JOCHEBED.

No: if a mother's tears, a mother's pray'rs, A mother's fond precautions can prevail, He fhall not die. I have a thought, my Miriam ! And fure the GOD of mercies, who infpir'd, Will blefs the fecret purpofe of my foul, To fave his precious life.

## MIRIAM. <br> Hop'ft thou that Pharaoh -

## JOCHEBED.

I have no hope in Pharaoh, much in GoD; Much in the Rock of Ages.

# MIRIAM. <br> Think, O think, 

What perils thou already haft incur'd;
And fhin the greater, which may yet remain.
Three months, 'three dang'rous months thou haft prefert'd.
'Thy infant's life, and in thy houfe conceal'd him!
Shou'd Pharaoli know !

## JOCHEBED.

Oh! let the tyrant know,
And feel what he inflicts! Yes, hear me, Heav'n? Send the right aiming thunderbolts —But hufh, My impious murmurs ! Is it not thy will; Thou, infinite in mercy? Thou permitt'ft This feeming evil for fome latent good. Yes, I will land rhy grace, and blefs thy goodnefs, For what $I$ have, and not arraign thy wifdom For what I fear to lofe. O, I will blefs thee, That Aaron will be fpar'd! that my firft-born Lives fafe and undifturb'd! that he was given meBefore this impious perfecution rag'd!

## MIRIAM.

And yet who knows, but the fell tyrant's ragt May reach bis precious life ?

## JOCHEBED.

I fear for him,
For thee, for all. A doating parent lives In many lives ; thro' many a nerve fhe feels; From child to child the quick affections fpread, For ever wand'ring, yet for ever fix'd.

## A SACRED DRAMA.

Nor does divifion weaken, nor the force Of conftant operation e'er exhault Parental love. All other paffions change, With changing circumftances ; rife or fall, Dependant on their object ; claim returns ;
Live on reciprocation, and expire Urifed by hope. A mother's fondnefs reigns Without a rival, and without an end.

## MIRIAM.

But fay what Heav'n infpires, to fave thy fon?

> JOCHEBED.

Since the dear fatal morn which gave him birth ${ }_{20}$ I have revulv'd in my diftracted mind Each means to fave his life: and many a thought, Which fondnefs prompted, prudence has oppos'd As perilous and rafh. With thefe poor hands I've fram'd a little ark of flender reeds; With pitch and flime I have fecur'd the fides. In this frail cradle I intend to lay My little helplefs infant, and expofe him Upon the banks of Nile.

## MIRIAM.

'Tis full of danger. JOCHEBED.
${ }^{2}$ Tis danger to expofe, and death to keep him.

## MIRIA M.

Yet, Oh! reflect. Shou'd the fierce crocodile. The native and the tyrant of the Nile. Seize the defencelefs infant!

## MOSESIN THE BULRUSHES:

> J OCHE B E D. Oh, forbear!

Spare my fond heart. Yet not the crocodile, Nor all the deadlv monfters of the deep, To me are half fo terrible as Pharaoh, That heathen king, that royal murderer!

## MIRIAM.

Shou'd he efcape, which yet I dare not hope, Each fea-born moniter; yet the winds and waves He cannot 'fcape.

## JOCHEBED.

Know, God is ev'ry where;
Not to one narrow, partial foot confin'd; No, not to chofen israel : He extends Thro' all the van infinitude of fpace. At his command the furious tempets rife, The blafting of the breath of his difpleafure: He tells the world of waters, when to roar; And at his bidding, winds and feas are calm. In him, not in an arm of flefh, I truft; In Him, whofe promife never yet has fail'd, I place my confidence.

## MIRIAM.

## What muft I do ?

Command thy daughter, for thy words have wak' $\$$ An holy boldnefs in my youthful breaft.

## JOCHEBED.

Go then, m Mir:Am! go, and take the infanti Buried in harmlefs flumbers there he lies:

## A SACRED DRAMA.

Let me not ise him-fpare my heart that pang. Yet fire, o:re little look may be indulg'd, One kiis-rerhaps the laft. No mure, my foul! That fondnefs wou'd be fatal _i thou'd keep him. I cou'd not doom to ceach the babe I clafp'd :
Did ever mother kill her fleeping boy ?
I dare not hazard it - The rafk le thine. Oh! do not wake my child; remove him foftly; And gently lay him on the river's brink.

## MIRIAM.

Did thofe magicians, whom the fons of EgYpr Confult, and think all-potent, join their fkill, And was it great as Eg y Pr's fons believe; Yet all their fecret wizard arts combin'd, To fave this little ark of Bulrufhes, Thus fearfully expos'd, cou'd not effect it. Their fpells, their incantations, and dire charms Cou'd not preferve it.

## JOCHEBED.

Know, this ark is charm'd With fpells, which impious Egypt never knew; With invocations to the living God, I twifted every flender reed together, And with a pray'r did every ozier weave.

> MIRIAM.

I go.

## JOCHEBED.

Yet e'er thou go'ft, obferve me well. When thou haft laid him in his watry bed,

## 24 MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES:

O leave him not; but at a diftance wait, And mark what Heav'n's high will determines for him Lay him among the flags on yonder beach, $J u f$ where the royal gardens meet the Nile. I dare not follow him, Sufpicion's eye Wou'd note my wild demeanor; Miriam, yes, The mother's fondnefs wou'd betray the child. Farewell! God of my fathers, Oh protect him!

## MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES.

P A R T II.

-     -         -             -                 -                     -                         -                             -                                 -                                     -                                         -                                             - 

SCENE, on the Banks of the Nile.
Enter MIRIAM, after baving depofited the child.

YE S, I have laid him in his watry bed, His watry grave, I fear!-I tremble ftill; It was a cruel tafk -ftill I muft weep! But ah! my mother, who fhall footh thy griefs? The flags and fea-weeds will awhile fuftain Their precious load, but it muft fink ere long ! Sweet babe, farewell! Yet think not I will leave thee; No , I will watch thee, till the greedy waves

## A SACRED DRAMA.

Devour thy little bark: I'll fit me down, And fing to thee, fweet babe! Thou can'ft not hear ; But 'twill amufe me, while I watch thy fate.
[Sbe fits down on a bank, and fings.

## $S \quad \mathrm{O} \quad \mathrm{G}$.

I.

THOU, who canft make the feeble ftrong,
O God of Ifrael, hear ny fong!
'Not mine fuch notes as Egypt's daughters raife ; ${ }^{2}$ Tis thee, O God of Hofts, I frive to praife.

## II.

Ye winds, the fervants of the Lord, Ye waves, obedient to his word, 0 fpare the babe committed to your truft-; And Ifrael fhall confers, the Lord is juft!

## III.

Tho' doom'd to find an early grave, This helplefs infant thou canft lave; And he, whole death's decreed by Pharaoh's hand, May rife a prophet to redeem the land.
[She rifes, and looks our.

Who moves this way ? of royal port the feems ; Perhaps fent hither by the hand of Heav'n, To prop the falling houfe of Levi. I'll liften unperceiv'd, thefe trees will hide me. [She flands bebind.

Enter the PRINCESS of EGYpt, attended by a train of Ladies.

## PRINCESS.

No farther, Virgins ; here I mean to reft, To tafte the plea'ant coolnefs of the breeze ; Perhaps to bathe in this tranflucent itream. Did not our holy law * enjoin th' ablution Frequent and regular ; it fill were needful, To mitigate the fervors of our clime.
Melita, ftay-the reft at diftance wait.

> [They all go out, except one.

## The P R INCESS looks out.

Sure, or I mach miftake, or I perceive, Upon the fedgy margin of the Nile A cheit ; entangled in the reeds it feems; Difcern'ft thou ought ?

> MELITA.
> Something, but what I know not.
> PRINCESS.

[^2]
## A S A CRED DRAMA.

## PRINCESS.

Go and examine, what this fight may mean.
[Exit Maid.

## M I R I A M, bebind.

O bleft, leyond my hopes! he is difcover'd ; My brother will be fav' $d$ ! who is this franger? Ah! 'tis the Princefs, cruel Pharaoh's daughter. If fhe refemble her inhuman Sire, She muft be cruel too; yet fame reports her Moft merciful and mild :-l'll mark th' event, And pray that Heav'n may prompt her to preferve him.

> Re-enter ME LIT A.

PRINCESS.
Haft thou difcover'd what the veffel is?

## MELITA:

Oh, Princefs, I have feen the frangeft fight :
Within the veffil lies a fleeping babe,
A fairer infant have I never feen!
PRINCESS.

Who knows, but fume anbappy Hebrew woman
Has thius expos'd her infant, 'to evade
The ftern decree of my too cruel Sire.
Unhappy mothers! oft my heart has bled In fecret anguifh o'er your flaughter'd fons,

> MELITA.

Shou'd this be one, my Princefs knows the danger.

## PRINCESS.

No danger fhou'd deter from acts of mercy -

> M I R I A M, bebind.

A thoufand bleflings on her princely head!:

> PRINCESS.

Too much the fons of Jacob have endur'd From royal Pharaolis unrelenting hate ; Too much our houfe has crufh'd their alien race. Is't not enotgh, that cruel tafk-mafters Grind them by hard oppreffion and ftern bondage ?. Is't not enough, why father owes his greatnefs, His palaces, his fanes magnificent;
Thofe ftructures which the world with wonder viewss:
To the hard toils of much infulted Ifrael ?
To them his growing cities owe their fplendor, Their labours built fair Ramefes and Pythom; And now, at length, his fill increafing rage To iron bondage adds the guilt of murder. And fhall this little helplefs infant perifh ? Forbid it, juffice ; and forbid it, heav'n !

## MELITA.

I know, thy royal father fears the frength Of this fill growing race, who flourifh more The more they are opprefs'd; he dreads their numberrs.

## PRINCESS.

Apis forbid! Pharaoh afraid of Ifrael !
Yet fhou'd this outcaft race, this haplefs people E'er grow to fuch a formidable greatnefs :
(Which all the gods avert, whom Egypt workips) This infant's life can never ferve their caufe, Nor can his fingle death prevent their greatnefs.

## MELITA.

I know not that : by weakeft inftruments Sometimes are great events produc'd; this child. Perhäps may live to ferve his upftart race More than an hoft.

> PR I N CESS.
> How ill does it befeem

Thy tender years, and gentle womanhood,
To fteel thy bieaft to Pity's facred touch!
So weak, fo unprotected is our fex,
So conftantly expos'd, fo very helplefs;
That did not Heav'n itfelf enjoin compaffion,
Yet human policy fhou'd make us kind,
Left we fhou'd need the pity we refufe.
Yes, I will fave him -lead me to the place;
And from the feeble rufhes we'll remove
'The little ark, which cradles this poor babe.
[The Princess and her Maid go out.

## M IR I A M comes forward.

How poor were words, to fpeak my boundlefs joy!
The Priacefs will protect him; blefs her, Heav'nl
[She looks out after the Princefs, and defcribes ber action.

With what impatient fteps fhe feeks the fhore!
Now fhe approaches where the ark is laid!
With what compaffion, with what angel-fweetnefs,

She bends to look upon the infant's face! She takes his little hand in her's -he wakesShe fmiles ufon him-hark! alas, he cries;
Weep on, fweet babe! weep on, till thou haft touch'd
Each chord of pity, waken'd every fenfe Of melting fympathy, and folien her foul! She takes him in her arms-O lovely Princefs !
How goodnefs heightens beauty ! now fhe clafps him
With fondnefs to her heart, fhe gives him now
With tender caution to her damifl's arms:
She points her to the palace, and again
This way the Princefs bends her gracious fteps;
The virgin train retire, and bear the child.

## Re-enter the P R I NCESS.

## PRINCESS.

Did ever innocence and infant-beauty
Plead with fuch dumb but ponerful eloquence ;
If I, a ftranger, feel thefe foft emotions,
What mult the mother who expos'd him feel!
Go, fetch a woman of the Hebrew race, That fhe may nurfe the babe; and, by her garb, Lo fuch a one is here!

> M I R I A M.
> Princefs, all hail!

Forgive the bold intrufion of thy fervant,
Who ftands a charm'd fpectator of thy goodnefs.

> PRINCESS.

I have redeem'd an infant fiom the waves,
Whom I intend to nurture as mise own.

## MIRAAM.

My tranfports will betray me! [Afide.] Gen'rous Princefs !

## PRINCESS.

Know'ft thou a matron of the Hebrew race, To whom I may confide him?

## MIRIAM. Well I know

A prudent matron of the houfe of Levi; Her name is Jochebed, the wife of Amram; Gentle fhe is, and fam'd throughout her tribe For foft humanity ; full well I know That fhe will rear him with a morher's love. [Afide.] Oh truly fpoke! a mother's love indeed! To her defpairing arms I mean to give This precious truft ; the nurfe fhall be the mother!

## PRINCESS.

With fpeed conduct this matron to the palace. Yes, I will raife him up to princely greatnefs, And he fhall be my fon ; his name be Mofes, For I have drawn him from the perilous flood.

> [They go out. She knecls.

Thou Great Unfeen! thou caufeft gentle deeds. And fmil'ft on what thou caufeft; thus I blefs thee, That thou didit deign confult the tender make Of yielding human hearts, when thou ordain'd'ft Humanity a virtue ! Did'ft incline That nat'ral bias of the foul to mercy, Then mad'it that mercy duty! Eracious Pow'rs'

Mad'f the keen rapture exquifite as right : Beyond the joys of fenfe; as pleafure fweet; As reafon conftant, and as inftinct ftrong !

## MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES:

## P A R T III.

## Enter J OCHEBED.

1'V E almof reach'd the place-with cautious fteps I mult approach to where the ark is laid, Left from the royal gardens any fpy me. -Poor babe! ere this, the preffing calls of hunger Have broke thy fhort repofe; the chilling waves, Perhaps, have drench'd thy little fhiv'ring limbs. What-what muft he have fuffer'd!-No one fees me: But foft, does no one liften ?-Ah! how hard, How very hard for fondnefs to be prudent! Now is the moment, to embrace and feed him.

Where's Miriam? The has left her little charge, Perhaps through fear, perhaps fhe was detected. How wild is thought! how terrible conjecture!
A mother's fondnefs frames a thoufand fears, And fhapes unreal evils into being.
[Sbe looks towards the river.
Ah me! where is he? foul-diftracting fight! He is not there-he's loft, he's gone, he's drown'd!
Tofs'd by each beating furge my infant floats; Cold, cold and wat'ry is thy grave, my child $\downarrow$
10 no-I fee the ark-Tranfporting fight;
[She, goes tuwards it.
What do I fee? Alas, the ark is empty!
The cafket's left, the precious gem is gone! You fpar'd him, pitying fpirits of the deep! But vain your meercy; fome infatiate beaft, Cruel as Pharaoh, took the life you fpar'dAnd I fhall never, never fee him more!

## Enter MIRI A M.

JOCHEBED.
Come, and lament with me thy brother's lofs!

## MIRIAM.

Come, and adore with me the God of Jacob!

## JOCHEBED.

Miriam-the child is dead!

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { MIRIA M. } \\
& \text { He lives, he lives! } \\
& \text { E JOCHEBED. }
\end{aligned}
$$

## JOCHERED.

Impofible: Oh! do not mock my grief! See'ft thou that empty veffel ?

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { M I R I A M. } \\
& \text { From that veffel }
\end{aligned}
$$

-Th' Eoyptian Princefs took him.

## JOCHEBED.

Pharaoh's daugher?
Then fill he will be flain.

## MIRIAM.

His life is fafe;
For know, the means to rear him as her own.

## JOCHEBED.

[Falls on ber knees in raprure.
To God the Lord, the glory be afcrib'd! Oh magnified for ever be thy might, Who mercy in a Heathen's heart can'ft plant, And from the depth of evil bring forth good!
[She rijes.

## MIRIAM.

O bleft event, beyond our warmeft hopes.

## JOCHEBED.

What! faall my fon be murtur'd in a court, In princely grandeur bred? taught every art, And cvery wond'rous fcience Egypt knows? Yet ah! I tiemble, Miriam; Ghou'd he learn, With Esypt's polifh'd arts, her baneful faith!

O worfe exchange for death! Yes, fhou'd he learn In yon' proned palace to difown biṣ hand Who thus has fav'd him : fhou'd he e'er embrace (As fure he will, if bred in l'haraoh's court)
The grofs idolatries which Egypt owns,
Her graven images, her brutifh gods:
Then fhall I wifh he had not been preferv'd,
To fhame his fathers, and deny his faith.

## MIRIAM.

Then, to difpel thy fears, and crown thy joy, Hear farther wonders-Know, the gen'rous Princefs To thine own care thy darling child commits.

## JOCHEBED.

Speak, while my joy will give me time to liften!

## MIRIAM.

By her commiffion'd, thou behold'ft me here, To feek a matron of the Hebrew race, To nurfe him; thou, my mother, art that matron.I faid, I knew thee well; that thou wou'd'ft rear him Ev'n with a mother's fondnefs; fhe, who bare him, f told the Princefs) could not love him more.

## JOCHEBED.

Fountain of Mercy! whofe pervading eye Beholds the heart, and fees what paffes there, Accept my thoughts for thanks! I have no wordsHow poor were human language to exprefs My gratitude, my wonder, and my joy !

## Ḅ MOSESINTHEBULRUSHES:

## MIRIAM.

Yes, thou fhalt pour into his infant mind The pureft precepts of the pureft faith.

## JOCHEDED.

O! I will fill his tender foul with virtue, And warna bes befom with devotion's flame! Aid me, celeft:al Spirit! with thy grace, And be my labours with thy influence crown'd:
Without it they were vain. Then, then, my Miriam, When he is furnifh'd, 'gainft the evil day, With God's whole armour*, girt with facred truth, And as a breaft-plate, wearing righreoufnefs, Arm'd with the fpirit of God, the fhield of Faith, And with the helmet of falvation crown'd, Inur'd to watching, and difpos'd to pray'r; Then may I fend him to a dangerous court, And fafely truf him in a perilous world, Too fall of tempting fnares and fond delufions!

## MIRIAM.

May bounteous Heav'n, thy pious cares reward !

## JOCHEBED.

O Anram! O my hurband! when thou com' $f_{s}$ Wearied at night, to reft thee from the toils Impos'd by haughty Pharaoh ; what a tale Have I to tell thee! yes - thy darling fon Was loft, and is reftor'd ; was dead, and lives !

MIRIAM.

* 2 Theff. cbap, v. Alfo, Ephcf. chap. vi.

A SACRED DRAMA.

## MIRIAM.

How joyful fhall we fpend the live-long night In praifes to Jehovah; who thas mocks All human forefight, and converts the means Of feeming ruin into great deliverance!

## JOCHEBED.

Had not my child been doom'd to fuch frange perils,
As a fond mother trembles to recall;
He had not been preferv'd.

## MIRIAM.

And mark fill farther:
Had he been fav'd by any other hand, He had been ftill expos'd to equal ruin.

## JOCHEBED.

Then let us join to blefs the hand of Heaven, That this poor autcaft of the houfe of Ifrael, Condemn'd to die by Pharaoh, kept in fecret By my advent'rous fondnefs; then expos'd Ev'n by that very fondnefs which conceal'd him, Is now, to fill the wondrous round of mercy, Preferv'd from perifhing by Pharaoh's daughter, Sav'd by the very hand which fought to crufh him!

Wife and unfearchable are all thy ways, Thou God of Mercies!-Lead me to my child!

> THE E N D.

## PERSONS of the DRAMA.

```
SAU L, King of Israel.
A B NER, his General.
JESSE.
ELIAB,
A BINADAB,}}\mathrm{ Sons of JESSE.
DAVID, }
G O L I A T H, the Philistine Giant.
Philistines, Israelites, &c. &c.
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Chorus of Hebrew Women.

The S C E NE lies in the Camp, in the Valley of Elah and the adjacent Plain.


宨 The Subject of the Drama is taken from the Seventeenth Chapter of the Firft Book of Samuel.

## DAVID AND GOLIATH.

A

## SACRED DRAMA.

$$
\mathbf{P} \mathbf{A} \boldsymbol{R} \mathrm{T}
$$

O bienheureux mille fois,
L'Enfant que le Seigneur aime,
Que de bonne heure entend fa voix,
Et que ce Dieu daigne infruire lui-même!
Loin du monde élevé; de tous les dons des Cieux,
$1 l$ eft orné dès fa naiffance;
Et du méchant l'abord contagieux
N'altere point fon innocence. - Athalie.

SCENE, à Shepherd's Tent on a Plain.
DAVID, under afpreading tree, plays on bis harp, and fings.
GREAT Lord of all thinms ! Pow'r divine! Breathe on this erring heart of mine Thy grace ferene and pure;
Defend my frail, my erring youth, And teach me this important truth,

The humble are fecure.

## DAVIDANDGOLIATH:

## II.

Teach ne to blefs my lowly lot Confin'\& to this paternal cot, Remote from regal ftate ; Content to court the cooling glade, Inhale the breeze, enjoy the fhade, And love my humble fate.

## III.

No anxious vigils here I keep, No dreams of gold diftract my ffeep,

Nor lead my heart aftray ;
Nor blafting Envy's tainted gale
Pollutes the pleafures of the vale,
To yex my harmiefs day.

> IV.

Yon' tow'r, which rears its head fo high, And bids defiance to the fky ,

Invites the hoftile winds:
Yon' branching oak extending wide, Provakes deftruction bv irs pride, And courts the fall it finds.
V.

Then let me fhun th' ambitious deed, And all the dangerons paths which lead

To honours falfely won :
Lord! in thy fure prorection bleft,
Submiffive will I ever reft,
And may thy will be done!
[He lays down bis barp, and rifes.
D A VID.

## D A V I D.

This Shepherd's life were dull and taftelefs all, Without the charm of foothing fong or harp: With it, not undelightful is the haunt V) wood, or lonely grove, or ruffet plain, Made vocal by the Mufe. With this lov'd harp, This daily folace of my cares, I footh'd The melancholy monarch, when he lay, Smit by the chill and fpirit-quenching hand Of blank defpair. God of my fathers! hear me: Here I devote my harp, my verfe, myfelf, Ta thy bleft fervice! gladly to proclaim Glory to God on high, on earth good-will To man; to pour my grateful foul before thee; ${ }_{3}$ To fing thy pow'r, thy wifdom, and thy leve, And every gracious attribute : to paint The charms of heav'n-born virtue! So fhall I , (Tho with long interval of worth) afpire To imitate the work of raints above, 'Of Cherub and of Seraphim. My heart, My talents, all I am, and all I have, Is thine, O Father! Gracious Lord, accept The humble dedication! Offer'd gifts Of flaughter'd bulls, and goats facrificial, Thou haft refus'd: but lo! I come, O Lord, To do thy will! the living facrifice Of an obedient heart I lay before thee! This humble offering more flall pleafe thee, Lord! Than horned bullocks, ceremonial rites, New inoons, appointed paffovers, and fafts! Yet thofe I too will keep; but not inftead Of holinefs fubftantial, inward worth;

As commutation cheap for pious deeds, And furity of life. But as the types Of better things ; as fair external figns Of inward holinefs and fecret truth.

But fee, my father, good old Jeffe comes!
To cheer the fetting evening of whofe life,
Content, a fimple fhepherd here I dwell,
Tho' Ifrael is in arms, and royal Saul
Encamp'd in yonder field, defies Philiftia.
JESSE, DAVID.

## JESSE.

Bleft be the gracious Pow'r, who gave my age To boaft a fon like thee! Thou art the ftaff Which props my bending years, and makes me bear
The heavy burthen of declining age With fond complacence. How unlike thy fate, O venerable Eli! But two fons, But only two, to gild the dim remains Of life's departing day, and blefs thy age, And both were curfes to thee! Witnefs, Heav'n! In all the tedious catalogue of pains
Humanity turns o'er, if there be one So terrible to human tendernefs, As an unnatural child!

## D. AVID.

O, my lov'd father!
long may'f thon live, in years and honours rich; To tafte, and to communicate the joys, The thoufand fond, endearing charities

Of tendernefs domeftic ; Nature's beft
And lovelieft gift, with which the well atones
The niggard boon of fortune.

> JESSE. O, my fon!

Of all the graces which adorn thy youth, I, with a father's fondnefs, muft commend Thy tried humility. For tho' the Seer Your'd on thy chofen head the facred oil, In fign of future greatnefs, in fure pledge Of higheft dignity; yet here thou dwell'ft, Content with toil, and carelefs of repofe; And (harder ftill for an ingenuous mind) Content to be obfcure : content to watch, With careful eye, thine humble father's flock! $O$, earthly emblem of celeftial things !
So Ifrael's fhepherd watches o'er his fold:
The weak ones in his foft'ring bofom bears;
And gently leads, in his fuftaining hand, The feeble ones with young.

## D A VID.

Know'ft thou, my father,
Ought from the field? for tho' fo near the camp,
'Tho' war's proud enfigns ftream on yonder plain,
And all Philiftia's fwarming hofts encamp,
Oppos'd to royal Saul, beneath whofe banners
My brothers lift the fpear; I have not left
My fleecy charge, by thee committed to me,
To learn the prefent fortune of the war.
JESSE.

## DAVID AND GOLIATH:

## JESSE.

And wifely haft thou done. Thrice happy realm, Who fhall fubmit one day to his command Who can fo well obey! Obedience leads To certain honours. Not the tow'ring wing Of eagle-plun'd ambition mounts fo furely To Fortune's higheft fummit, as odedience.
[ $A$ difant found of trumpers.
But why that fudden ardour, O my fon? That trumpet's found (tho' fo remote its voice, We hardly catch the echo as it dies).
Has rous'd the mantling crimfon in thy cheek :
Kindled the martial fpirit in thine eye, And my young thepherd feels an hero's fire?

> D A V I D.

Thou haft not told the pofture of the war, And much my beating bofom pants to hear.

> JESSE.

Uncertain is the forture of the field.
1 tremble for thy brothers, thus expos'd To confant peril, nor for them alone,
Does the quick feeling agonize my heart. I too lament, that defolating war Hangs his fell banner o'er my native land, Eelov'd Jerufalem! O war, what art thou ! After the brighteft conqueft, what remains Of all thy glaries? For the vanquih'd, chains! For the proud victor, what? Alas! to reign D'er defolated nations! a drear wafte, By one man's crime, by one man's luft of pow'r, Unpeopled! Naked plains and ravag'd fields

## A. SACRED DRAMA.

Succeed to fmiling harvelts, and the fruits Of peaceful olive, lufcious fig and vine! Here, rifled temples are the cavern'd dens Of favage beafts, or haunt of birds obfcene. There, populous cities blacken in the fun, And, in the gen'ral wreck,' prond palaces Lie undiftinguith'd, fave by the dan fmoke Of recent conflagration. When the forg Of dear-bought joy, with many a triumph fwell'd, Salutes the victor's ear, and fooths his pride ; How is the grateful harmony profan'd With the fad diffonance of virgins' cries, Who mourn their brothers flain! Of matrons hoar, Who clafp their wither'd hands, and fondly afk, With iteration flirill, their flaughter'd fons! How is the laurel's verdure frain'd with blood, And foil'd. with widows' tears!

D AVID.
Thrice mournful trutht
Yet wihen our country's rights, her facred laws,
Her holy faith are fcorn'd and trampled on, Then, then religion calls; then God himfelf Commands us to defend his injur'd name. 'Twere then inglorious weaknefs, mean felf-love, To lie inactive, when the ftirring voice Of the fhrill trumpet wakes to defp'rate deeds; Nor with heroic valour boldly dare
Th' idolatrous heathen bands, ev'n to the death

## J E S SE.

GOD and thy country claim the life they gave, No othar caufe can fanctify refentment.

## D A VID.

Sure virtuous friendfhip is a noble caufe!
0 were the princely Jonathan in danger, How wou'd I die, well-pleas'd, in his'defence! When ('twas long fince, then but a ftripling boy) I made fhort fojourn in his father's palace, (At firft to footh his troubled mind with fong, His armour-bearer next ;) I well remember The gracious bounties of the gallant prince. How wou'd he fit, attentive to my frain; While to my harp I fung the harmiefs joys, Which crown a fhepherd's life! How wou'd he cry,
'Blefs'd youth, far happier in thy native worth, Far richer in the talent Heav'n has lent thee, Than if a crown hung o'er thy anxious brow. The jealous monarch mark'd our growing friendinip;: And as my favour grew with thofe about him, His royal bounty leffen'd, till at length, For Bethl'hem's fafer fhades I left the court. Nor wou'd thefe alter'd features now' be known, Grown into manly ftrength ; nor this chang'd form, Enlarg'd with age, and clad in ruffet weed.

> J E S SE.

I have employment for thee, my lov'd fon, Will pleafe thy active fpirit. Go, my boy! Hafte to the field of war, to yonder camp, Where, in the vale of Elah, mighty Saul ${ }^{\text {. }}$ Commands the hofts of Ifrael. Greet thy brothers : Obferve their deeds; note their demeanor well; And mark if wifdom on their actions waits. Bear to them too (for well the wafte of war Will make it needful) fuch plain healthful viands,

## A SACRED DRAMA.

As furnifh out our frugal fhepherd's meal. And to the valiant captain of their hoft, Prefent fuch rural gifts as fuit our fortune. Heap'd on the board within my tent thou'lt find them.

## D A VID.

With joy I'll bear thy prefents to my brothers ;
And to the valiant captain of their hof, The rural gifts thy gratitude alfigns him. What tranfport to behold the tented field, The pointed fpear, the blaze of fhields and arms, And all the proud accoutrements of war! But, oh! far dearer tranfport would it yield me, Cou'd this right arm alone avenge the caufe Of injur'd Ifrael, and preferve the lives Of guiltlefs thoufands, doom'd perhaps to bleed!

> JESSE.

Let not thy youth be dazzled, O my fon ! With deeds of bold emprize, as valour only Were virtue ; and the gentle arts of peace, Of truth and juftice, were not worth thy care. When thou fhalt view the fplendors of the war, The gay caparifon, the burnifh'd fhield, The plume-crown'd helmet, and the glitt'ring fpear, Scorn not the humble virtues of the fhade ; Nor think that Heav'n views only with applaufe The active merit, and the befy toil Of heroes, ftatefmen, and the buftling fons .Of public care. Thefe have their juft reward In wealth, in honours, and the well-earn'd fame Their high atchievements bring. 'Tis in this view, That virtue is her proper recompence.

## 48

 DAVID AND GOLIATH:Wealth, as its natural confequence, will flow From induftry; toil with fuccefs is crown'd : From fplendid actions high renown will fpring. Such is the ulual courfe of human things. For Wifdom Infinite permits, that thus Effects to caufes be proportionate, And nat'ral ends by nat'ral means atchiev'd. But in the future eftimate, which Heav'n Will make of things terreftrial, know, my fon, That no inferior bleffing is referv'd For the mild pafive virtues; meek Content, Heroic Self-denial, nobler far
Than all th' atchievements noify Fame reports,
When her fhrill trump proclaims the proud fuccefs
Vhich defolates the nations. But, on earth,
Thefe are not always fortunate ; becaufe Eternal Juftice keeps them for the blifs
Of final recompence, for the dread day
Of gen'ral retr:bution. O my fon!
The oftentatious virtues, which ftill prefs
For notice, and for praife; the brilliant deeds, Which live but in the eye of obfervation, Thefe have their meed at once. But there's a joy,
To the fond votaries of Fame unknown;
To hear the ftill fmall voice of confcience fpeak
Its whifp'ring platdit to the filent foul.
Heav'n notes the figh afficted Goodnefs heaves ;
Hears the low plaint by human ear unheard, And from the cheek of patient Sorrow wipes
The tear, by mortal eye unfeen or fcorn'd.

## A SACRED DRAMA.

## D A VID.

As Hermon's dews their grateful frefhnefs fhed, And cheer the herbage, and the flow'rs renew; So do thy words a quick'ning balm infufe, And grateful fink in my delighted foul.

## JESSE.

Go then, my child! and may the Gracious God, Who blefs'd our fathers, .blefs my much-lov'd Ion!

## D AVID.

Farewell, my father! and of this be fure, That not a precept from thy honour'd lips Shall fall, by me unnoticed; not one grace, One venerable virtue, which adorns
Thy daily life, but I, with watchful care, And due-obfervance, will in mine tranfplant it.
[Exit David.

## J ESSE.

He's gone ! and fill my aching eyes purfue, And ftrain their orbs ftill longer to behold him. Oh! who can tell, when I may next embrace him ? Who can declare the counfels of the Lord? Or when the moment pre-ordain'd by Heav'n To fill his great defigns may come ? This fon, This bleffing of my age, is fet apart For high exploits ; the chofen inftrument Of all-difpofing Heav'n for mighty deeds. Still I recal the day, and to my mind The fcene is ever prefent; when the Seer, Illuftrious Samuel, to the humble fhades Of Bethlehem came, pretending facrifice, To fcreen his errand from the jealous king.

He fanctify'd us firft, me, and my fons; For fanctity increas'd fhould ftill precede Increafe of dignity. When he declar'd He came, commiffion'd from on High, to find, Among the fons of Jeffe, Ifrael's king; Aftonifhment entranc'd my wond'ring foul. Yet was it not a wild tumultuous blifs ; Such rafh delight as promis'd honeurs yield
To light, vain minds ; no, 'twas a doubtful joy
Chaftis'd by tim'rous virtue, left a gift So fplendid, and fo dang'rous, might deftroy Him it was meant to raife. My eldeft born, Young Eliab, tall of flature, I prefented; But CoD, who judges not by outward form, But tries the heart, forbad the holy prophet To chufe my eldeft born. For Saul, he faid, Gave proof, that fair proportion, and the grace Of limb or feature, ill repaid the want Of virtue. All my other fons alike By Samuel were rejected : till, at laft, On my young boy, on David's chofen head,
The prophet pour'd the confecrated oil.
Yet ne'er did pride elate him, ne'er did fcorn
For his rejected elders fwell his heart.
Not in fueh gentle charity to him
His haughtier brothers live: but all he pardons.
To meditation, and to humble toil,
To pray'r, and praife devoted, here he dwells.
0 may the Graces which adorn retreat,
One day delight a court! record his name
With faints and prophets, dignify his race,
Inftuct maskind, and fanctify a world!

# DAVID AND GOLIATH. 

P A R T II.


S C E N E, The Camp.
ELIAB, ẢBINADAB, ABNER, ISRAELITES.

## ELIAB.

S
TILL is the event of this long war uncertain:
Still do the adverfe hofts, on either fide, Protract, with ling'ring caution, an encounter, Which mult to one be fatal.

## ABINADAB.

 This defcent,Thus to the very confines of our land, Proclaims the fanguine hope that fires the foe.
In Ephes-dammim boldly they encamp:
Th' uncircumcis'd Philiftines pitch their tents
On Judah's hallow'd earth.
ELIAB.

## AVID AND GOLIATH:

ELIAB.
Full forty days.
Has the infulting giant, proud Goliath,
The champion of Philiftia, fiercely challeng'd.
Some Ifraelitifh foe. But who fo vain
To dare fuch force unequal? who fo bent
On fure deftruction, to accept his terms; And rufh on death, beneath the giant force, Of his enormous bulk ?

> AB I N A D A B. 'Tis near the time,

When, in th' adjacent valley which divides 'Th' oppofing armies, he is wont to make His daily challenge.

## ELIAB: <br> Much I marvel, brother I:

No greetings from eur father reach our ears. With eafe and plenty blefs'd, he little recks The daily hardfhips which his fons endure. But fee! behold his darling fon approaches!

## ABINADAB.

How, David here ? whence this unlook'd-for gueft

> ELIAB.

A fpy upon our actions; fent no doubt, To fcan our deeds, with beardlefs gravity Affecting wifdom; to obferve each word,
To magnify the venial faults of youth, And conftrie harmlefs mirth to foul offinces.

Enter D A V I D.

DAVID.

All hail, my deareft brothers!

## ELIAB.

Means thy greeting
True love, or arrogant fearn ?

> D A V I D.

Oh, moft true love I
Sweet as the precions ointment, which bedew'd
The facred head of Aaron, and defcended
Upon his hallow'd, veft ; fo fweet, my brothers,
Is fond fraternal amity; fuch love
As my touch'd bofon feels at your approach.

## ELIAB.

Still that fine glozing fpeech, thofe holy faws, And all that trick of fudied fanctity, Of fmooth-turn'd periods, and trix.s eloquence, Which charms thy doating father. But confefs, What doft thou here? Is it to foothe thy pride, And gratify thy vain defire to roam, In quett of pleafures unallow'd? or com'ft thou, A willing. fpy , to note thy brother's deeds ? Where haft thou left thofe few poor ftraggling fieep ${ }^{\text {s }}$ More fuited to thy ignorance and years The care of thofe, than here to wander idly. Why cam'ft thou hither e.

## D A VI D.

Is there not a caufe?
Why that difpleafure kindling in thine eye, My angry brother? why thofe taunts unkind?
Not idly bent on fport; not to delight
Mine eye with all this gay parade of war ;
To gratify a roving appetite,
Or fondly to indulge a curious ear
With any tale of rumour, am I come :
But to approve myfelf a loving brother.
I bring the bleffing of your aged fire.
With gifts of fuch plain cates, and rural viands,
As fuit his frugal fortune. Tell me now,
Where the bold captain of your hoft encainps ?

> ELIAB.

Wherefore enquire ? what boots it thee to know ?
Behold him there: great Abner, fam'd in arms.

## D A I V D.

I bring thee, mighty Abner, from my father ${ }_{2}$ (A fimple fhepherd fwain in yonder vale) Such humble gifts as fhepherd fwains beftow.

## ABNER.

Thanks, gentle youth! with pleafure I receive The grateful off'ring. Why does thy quick eye Thus wander with unfatisfied delight?

## D'A.VID.

New as I am to all the trade of war, Each found has novelty; each thing I fee Attracts attention ; every noife I hear

## A SACRED DRAMA.

Awakes confus'd emotions ; indiftinet, Yet full of charming tumult, fweet diftraction. 'Tis all delightful hurry! Oh! the joy Of young ideas painted on the mind, In the warm glowing colours fancy fpreads On objects not yet known, when all is new, And all is lovely! Ah! what warlike found Salutes my ravifh'd ear ?
[Sound of trumper.

## ABNER. <br> 'Tis the Philifine,

Proclaming, by his herald, through the ranks, His near approach. Each morning he repeats His challenge to our bands.

## DAVID. <br> Ha! what Philifine?

Who is he ?

> ELIAB.

Wherefore afk ? for thy raw youth,
And ruftic ignorance, 'twere fitter learn Some rural art ; fome fecret to prevent Contagion in thy flocks; fome better means To fave their fleece immaculate. Thefe mean arts, Of foft inglorious peace, far better fuit Thy low obfcurity, than thus to feek High things, pertaining to exploits of arms.

> D A VID.

Urg'd as I am, I will not anfwer thee. Who conquers his own fyinit, O my brother!

## 56

 DAVIDANDGOLIATH:He is the only conqueror.-Again
That fhout myfterious! Pray you, tell me who This proud Philiftine is, who fends defiance To Ifrael's hardy chieftains ?

## ABNER.

Stranger youth!
So lovely and fo mild is thy demeanour, So gentle, and fo patient; fuch the air Of candor and of courage, which adorns Thy blooming features, thou haft won my love ; And I will tell thee.

## D A VI D.

Mighty Abner! thanks!

> ABNER.

Thrice, and no more, he founds, his daily rule. This man of war, this champion of Philiftia, Is of the fons of Anak's giant-race. Goliath is his name. His fearful ftature, Unparallel'd in Ifrael, meafures more Than twice three cubits. On his tow'ring head A helm of burnifh'd brafs the giant wears, So pond'rous, it would crufh the ftouteft man In all our hofts. A coat of mailed armour Guards his capacious trunk ; compar'd with which The ampleft oak, that fpreads his rugged arms In Bathan's groves, were fmall. About his neck A fhining corflet hangs. On his vaft thigh The plaited cuirafs firmly jointed ftands. But who תhall tell the wonders of his fpear,

## A SACREDDRAMA.

And hope to gain belief? of maffive iron
Its temper'd frame; not lefs than the broad beax
To which the bufy weaver hangs his loom;
Not to be wielded by a mortal hand, Save by his own. An armour-bearer walks
Before this mighty champion, in his hand
Bearing the giant's fhield. Thrice, every morto His herald founds the trumpet of defiance;
Off'ring at once to end the long-drawn war, In fingle combat, 'gainft that hardy foe Who dares encounter him.

## DAVID.

Say, mighty Abner!
What are the haughty terms of his defiance ?

## ABNER.

Proudly he ftalks around th' extremeft bounds
Of Elah's valley. His herald founds the note Of offer'd battle. Then the furious giant, With fuch a voice as from the troubled fky , In vollied thunder, breaks, thus fends his challenge: "Why do you fet your battle in array,
Ye men of Ifrael? Wherefore wafte the lives
Of needlefs thoufands? Why protract a war, Which may at once be ended? Are not you Servants to Saul your king ? and am not I, With triumph let me fpeak it, a Philiftine ? Chufe out a man from all your armed hofts, Of courage moft approv'd; and I will meet him, His fingle arm to mine. Th' event of this Shall fix the fate of Ifrael and Philiftia.

## $5^{8}$ DAVID AND GOLIATH:

If victory favour him, then will we live Your tributary flaves; but if my arm Be crown'd with conqueft, yout fhall then live ours. Give me a man, if your effeminate bands A man can boaft. Your armies I defy."

> D A V I D.

What fhall be done to him, who fhall fubdue This vile idolater?

> ABNER.
> He fhall receive

Such ample bointies, fuch profufe rewards, As micht inflame chill age, or cowardice, Were not the ods fo defperate.

> D A V I D.
> Say, what are they?

## ABNER.

The royal Saul has prowis'd that bold hero, Who fhall encounter and fubdue Goliath, All dignity and fevour; that his houfe Shall be fet free from tribute, and ennobled With the firft honours Ifiael has to give. And for the gallant conqueror himferf, No lefs a recompence than the fair Princefs, Our monarch's feerlefs caughter.
DAVID.

Beauteous Michá!
It is indeed a boon which kings might ftrive for. And has none aniwer'd jet this bolu deflance?

What, all this goodly hoft of Ifraelites,
God's own peculiar people! all afraid
T' affert God's injur'd honour, and their own ?
The king himfelf, who in his early youth
Wrought deeds of fame! the princely Jonathan!
Not fo the gallant youth Philiftia fear'd
At Bozez and at Seneh *; when the earth
Shook from her deep foundations, to behold
The wond'rots carnage of his fingle hand
On the uncircumcis'd. When he exclaim'd,
With glorious confidence-"Shall numbers awe me ?
" Goo will protect his own : with him to fave,
" It boots not, friends, by many or by few."
This was an heroe! Why docs he delay
To meet this boafter? For thy courtefy,
Thrice noble Abner, I am bound to thank thee!
Wou'd'ft thou complete thy gen'rous offices?
I dare not afk it.

## ABNER.

Speak thy wifhes freely:
My foul inclines to ferve thee.

> D A V I D..
> Then, o Abner,

Conduct me to the king! There is a caufe Will juftify this boldnefs.

## ELIAB.

Braggard, hold!
$\mathrm{H}_{2}$
ABNER:

* I Samuel xiv.

60 D. $\therefore$ VID AND GOLEATH:

## ABNER.

I take thee at thy word; and will, with fpeed,
Conduct thee to my royal mafer's prefence. In yonder tent, the anxious monarch waits Th' event of this day's challenge.

## DAVID.

Noble Abner!.
Accept my thanks. Now to thy private ear, If fo thy grace permit, I will unfold My fecret foul; and eafe my lab'ring breaft, Which pants with high defigns, and beats for glory.

## DAVID AND GOKIATH.

$P$ A R T III.

## SCENE, SAUL's Tent.

## SAUL.

WH Y was I made a king ? what I have gain'd In envy'd greatne's and uneafy pow'r, I've loft in peace of mind, in virtue loft! Why did deceitful tranfports fire my foul, When Samuel plac'd upon my youthful brow The crown of Ifrael ? 1 had knowa content Nay hacpinefs, if happinefs unmix'd

## A SACRED DRAMA.

To mortal man were known; bad Iftll liv'd Among the humble teats of Benjamin. A fhepherd's occupation was my joy, And ev'ry guiltiefs day was crown'd with peace. But now, a fullen cloud for ever hangs O'er the faint funfhine of my brighteft hours, Dark'ning the golden promife of the morn. I ne'er fhall tafte the dear domeftic joys My meaneft fubjects know. True, I have fons, Whofe virtues would have charm'd a private man, And drawn down bleffings on their humble fire. I love their virtues too; but 'tis a love, Which jealoufy has poifon'd. Jonathan Is all a father's fondnefs cou'd conceive Of amiable and good -Of that no more!.
He is too popular; the people doat Upon th' ingemuous graces of his youth. Curs'd popularity! which makes a father Deteft the merit of a fon he loves. How did their fond idolatry perforce, Refcue his fentenc'd life, when doom'd by lot To perifh at Beth-aven*, for the breach Of frict injunction, that of all my bands, Not one that day fhou'd tafte of food, and live. My fubjects clamour at this tedious war, Yet of my num'rous armed chiefs, not one Has courage to engage this man of Gath.
O for a champion bold enough to face This giant-boafter, whofe repeated threats Strike thro" my inmoft foul! There was a time-

## $\sigma_{2}$

DAVID AND GOLIATH.
Of that no more! -I I am not what I was. Shou'd valiant Jonathan accept the challenge, 'Twould but increafe his favour with the peoples And make the crown fit loofely on my brow. Ill cou'd my wounded fipirit brook the voice Of harf comparifon 'twixt fire and fon.

## SAUL, ABNER.

## ABNER.

What meditation holds thee thus engag' d , O king! and keeps thine active fpirit bound; When bufy war far other cares demands Than ruminating thought, and pale defpair r

## S AUL.

Abner, draw near. My weary foul finks down: Beneath the heavy preffure of misfortune. O for that fpirit, which inflam'd my breaft With fudden fervor; when among the feers, And holy fages, my prophetic voice Was heard attentive, and th' aftonifh'd throng, Wond'ring, exclaim'd, "Is Saul among the prophets ?" Where's that bold arm which quell'd th? Amalekite, And nobly fpar'd fierce Agag and his flocks ?
${ }^{3}$ Tis paft ; the light of Ifrael now is quench'd : Shorn of his beams, my fun of glory fets ! Rife Mcab, Edom, angry Ammon, rife! Come Gaza, Alhdod come! let Ekron boaft, And Afkelon rejoice, for Saul-is nothing-,

> ABNER.

L bring thee news, $O$ king!

## A SACRED DRAMA.

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { SAUL. } \\
& \text { My valiant uncle! }
\end{aligned}
$$

What can avail thy news? A frul opprefs'd, Refufes fill to hear the charmer's voice, -Howe'er enticingly he charm. What news -Can footh my fickly furil, while Gath's fẹl giant Repeats each morning to my frighten'd hofts His daring challeage-none accepting it ?

## ABNER.

It is accepted.

> SAUL.
> Ha! by whom ? how ? when?

What prince, what gen'ral, what illuftrious hero, What vet'ras chief, what warrior of renown, Will dare to meet the haughty foe's defiance ? Speak, my brave gen'ral! noble Abner, fpeak !

> ABNER.

No prince, no warrior, no illuftrious chief, No vet'ran hero dares accept the challenge; But what will move thy wonder, nighty king! One train'd to peaceful deeds, and new to arms, A fimple fhepherd fwain.

## SAUL.

O mockery!
No more of this light tale, it fuits but ill Thy bearded gravity : or ruther e!l it To creculuns age, or weuk believing women; They love whate'er is marvclluns, and duat

On deeds prodigious, and incredible, Which fober fenfe rejects. I laugh to think Of thy extravagance. A fhepherd's boy Encounter him, whom nations dread to meet!

## ABNER.

Is valour, then, peculiar to high birth ?
If Heav'n had fo decreed, know, fcornful king, That Saul the Benjamite had never reign'd. No :-Glory darts her foul-pervading ray,
$O_{n}$ thrones and cottages, regardlefs fill Of all the falfe, chimerical diftinctions Vain human cuftoms make.

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { SA U L. } \\
& \text { Where is this youth ? }
\end{aligned}
$$

## ABNER.

Without thy fent he waits. Such humble fweetness, Fir'd with the fecret confcience of defert; Such manly bearing, tempered with fuch foftnefs, And fo adorn'd with every outward charm Of graceful form and feature, faw I never.

## SAUL.

Bring me the youth.

## ABNER.

He waits thy royal pleafure.
[Exit Abner.

## SAUL.

What muft I think: Abner himfelf is brave, And fill'd in human kind: nor does he judge

## A SACRED DRAMA.

So lightly, to be caught by fecious words, And fraud's finooth artifice, without the mark Of worth intrinfic. But behold he comes I The youth too with him! Juftly did he praife The candor, which adorns his open brow.
Re-enter A B N E R and D A VID.

> D A V I D.

Hail, mighty king!
ABNER.
Behold thy proffer'd champion,

## S A U L.

Art thou the youth, whofe high heroic zeal Afpires to meet the giant fon of Anak.?

## D A VID.

If fo the king permit.

## S AUL.

## Impoffible !

Why, what experience has thy youth of arms ?
Where didft thou learn the dreadful trade of war ?
Beneath what hoary vet'ran haft thou ferv'd ? What feats atchiev'd, what deeds of bold emprize ? What well-rang'd phalanx, and what charging hofts, What hard campaigns, what fieges haft thou feen ? Haft thou e'er fcal'd the city's rampir'd wall, Or hurl'd the miffile dart, or learn'd to poife The warrior's deathful fpear ? The ufe of targe, Of helm, and buckler, is to thee unknown.

## DAVID.

Arms I have feldom feen. I little know Of war's proud difcipline. The trimpet's clang, The fhock of charwing hoits, the rampir'd wall, Th' embatrled thalanx, and the varriur fear, The ufe of targe and heim to me is new. My zeal for GoD, my patrict luve of Ifrael, And reverence for my king, thefe are my claims.
S A U L.

But, gentle youth, thou haft no fame in arms, Renown, with her fhrill clarion, never bure Thy honour'd name to many a land remote. From the fair regions, where Euphrates laves Affyria's berders, to the diftant Nile.

## DAVID.

True, mighty king! I am indeed alike Unblefs $\mathrm{s}^{\circ} \mathrm{d}$ by Fortune, and to Fame unknown; A lowly thepherd-fwain of Judah's tribe. But greatnefs ever fprings from low begimings. That very Nile thou mention'ft, whofe broad ftream Bears fruifithers and health thro' many a clime, Froun an unknown, penurious, fcanty fource, Took its firft rife. The foreft oak, which fhades Thy fultry troops in many a toilfome march, Once af unheeded acorn lay. O king! Who ne'er begins, can never ought atchieve Of giorious, Thou thyfelf watt once unknown, 'Till fair occafion brought thy worth tw light. Sublimer views infpire ray youthfid heart, Than human praife: I feek to vindicate Th' infulted honour of the God thou ferv'ft.

## A B NER.

${ }^{\prime}$ Tis nobly faid.

> SA A U Lr
> I love thy fpirit, youth !

But dare not truft thy inexperienc'd arm Againft a giant's might. The fight of blood, Tho' hrave thou feel'ft when peril is not nigh, Will pale thy ardent cheek.

## DAVID.

Not fo, O king !
This youthful arm has been imbru'd in blood, Tho' yet no blood of man has ever ftain'd it. Thy fervant's occupation is a fhepherd : With jealous care I watch'd my father's flock :
A brindled lion, and a furious bear,
Forth from the thicket rufh'd upon the fold, Seiz'd a young lamb, and tore their bleating fpoil ,
Urg'd by compaffion for my helplefs charge,
I felt a new-born vigour nerve my arm,
And, eager, on the foaming monfters rufh'd.
The famifh'd lion by his grinly beard,
Enrag'd, I caught, and finote him to the ground ;
The panting monfter ftruggling in my gripe,
Shook terribly his brifling mane, and lafh'd
His own gaunt, goary fides; fiercely he ground His gnafing teeth, and roll'd his ftarting eyes,
Bloodfhot with agony : then with a groan,
That wak'd the echoes of the mountain, dy'd.
Nor did his grim affociate 'fcape my arm;
Thy fervant flew the lion and the bear,
$\$$ kill'd them both, and bore their fhaggy fpoils

In triumph home. And fhall I fear to meet Th' uncircumcis'd Philiftine? No: that God, Who fav'd me from the bear's deftructive fang, And hungry lion's jaw, will not he fave me From this Idolater?
SAUL.

He will, he will!
Go, noble youth! be valiant, and be blefs'd! The God thou ferv'ft will fhield thee in the fight, And nerve thy arm with more than mortal ftrengtis.

## ABNER.

So the bold Nazarite * a lion flew, An earneft of his vietories o'er Philiftia.
S.A U L.

Go, Abnert fee the youth be well equipp'd With field and fpear. Be it thy care to grace higpo With all the fit accoutrements of war. The choiceft mail from my rich armoury take, And gird upon his thigh my own try'd fword, Of nobleft temper'd fteel.

> ABNER.
> I fhall obey.

## DAVID.

Pardon, 0 king! the coat of plaited mail, Thefe limbs have never known; it wou'd not Ahield,
'Twou'd but encumber one, who never felt The weight of armour.

Take thy wifh, my fon. Thy fword then, and the God of Jacob Guard thee!

## DAVID AND GOLIATH.

P A R T IV.


SCE N E, another Part of the Campi

## D A VID.

ETERNAL Juftice! in whofe awful fcale Th' event of battle hangs! Eternal Mercy, Whofe univerfal beam illumines all! If, by thy attributes I may, unblam'd, Addrefs thee ; Lord of glory, hear me now ! $O$ teach thefe hands to war, thefe arms to fight f : Thou ever prefent help in time of need! Let thy broad mercy, as a fhield, defend;

And let thine everlafting arms fupport me ! Then, tho' the heathen rage, I fhull not fear. Jehovah! be my buckler. Mighty Lord! Thou, who haft deign'd by humble infiruments, To manifeft the marvels of thy might, Be prefent with me now! 'tis thy own caufe! Thy wifdom will forefee, thy goodnels chufe, And thy omnipotence will execute Thy high defigns, tho' by a feeble arm ! I feel a fecret impulfe drive me on, And my foul forings impatient for the fight. 'Tis not the heated fpirits, or warm blood Of fanguine youth; and yet I pant, I burn To meet th' infulting foe. I thirft for glory; Yet not the fading glory of renown, The perithable praife of mortal man.

DAVID, ELIAB, ISRAELITES.

> ELIAB.

What do I hear, thou truant ? thou haft dar' $\mathrm{d}_{\text {, }}$, Ev'n to the awful prefence of the king, Bear thy prefumption!

## D A VID.

He, who fears the LORD $D_{\gamma}$
Shall boldly ftand before the face of kings, And fhall not be afham'd.

> ELI A B.
> But what wild dream

Has urg'd thee to this deed of defp'rate rafhnefs ?

Thou mean'ft, fo have I learn'd, to meet Guliath, His fingle arm to thine.

> D A V ID.
> 'I is what I meat,

Ev'n on this fpot; each moment I expect His wiffed approach.

> ELIAB.

Go home; return, for fhame?
Nor madly pull deftruction on thy head.
Thy doating father, when thy fhepherd's coat, Drench'd in thy blood is brought him, will lament, And rend his furrow'd cheek, and filver hair, As if fome mighty lofs had touch'd his age; And mourn, even as the partial patriarch mourn' $\mathrm{d}_{\text {, }}$ When Jofeph's bloody garment he receiv'd, From his lefs dear, not lefs deferving, fons. But whence that glitt'ring ornament, which hangs Ufelefs upon thy thigh ?

1 DAIVD.
'Tis the king's gift.
But thou art right; it fuits not me, my brother. Nor fword I mean to wear, nor fpear to poize, Left men fhou'd fay I put my truft in ought, Save an eternal fhield.

> ELI A B.
> Then thou indeed

Art bent to feek thy death.

> D A VID.

And what is death?
Is it fo terrible to die, my brother?

Or grant it terrible, fay is it not Inevitable too? If, by eluding death, When fome high duty calls us forth to die, We cou'd for ever fhun it, and efcape The univerfal lot; then fond felf-love, Then human prudence, boldly might produce Their fine-fpur arguments, their learn'd liarangues, Their cobweb arts, their phrafe for hiffical, Their fubtile doubts, and all the fpecious trick, Of eloquent cunning lab'ring for its end. But fince, howe'er protracted, death will come, Why fondly ftudy, with ingenious pains, To put it off? -To breathe a little longer, Is to defer our fate, but not to fhin it: Smali gain! which Wifdom with indif'rent eye Beholds. Why wifh to drink the bitter dregs Of life's exhaufted chalice, whofe laft runnings, Ev'n at the beft, are vapid? Why not die, (If Heav'n fo will) in manhoud's op'ning bloom, When all the flufh of life is gay about us, Whien frightly youth, with many a new-born joy, Solicits every fenfe? So may we then Prefent a facrifice, unmeet, indeed, (Ah, how unmeet!) but more acceptable Than the world's leavings ; than a worn-out heart, By vice enfeebled, and by vain defires Sunk and exhaurted!

## ELIAB.

Hark! I hear a found
Of multitudes approaching !

## A SACRED DRAMA.

## DAVID.

'Tis the giant !
I fee him not, but hear his meafur'd pace.

ELIAB.

Look, where his pond'rous fhield is borne before him!

## D AVID.

Like a broad moon its ample difk protends. But foft, what unknown prodigy appears ? A moving mountain cas'd in polifh'd brafs!

> E L I A B. [Getting behind David.]

How's this? thon doft not tremble. Thy firm joints Betray no fear: Thy accents are not broken: Thy cheek retains its red, thine eye its luftre. He comes more near. Doft thou not fear him now?

## DAVID.

> No.

The vaft coloffal ftatue nor infpires Refpect nor fear. Mere magnitude of form, Without proportion'd intellect and valour, Strikes not my foul with rev'rence nor with awe.

## ELIAB.

Near, and more near, he comes. I hold it rafh To ftay fo near him, and expofe a life, Which may hereafter ferve the fate. Farewell!
[Goliath advances, clad in complete armour. Onebearing bis 乃ield precedes bim. The oppofing armies are feen at a diffance, drawn up on eacle fide of the valley. Goliaje begins to fpeak, before be comes on. David flands in the jame place, with an air of indifference.]

GOLIA TH.

Where is the mighty man of war, who dares Accept the challenge of Philiftia's chief ? What victor-king, what gen'ral drench'd in blood, Claims this high privilege? What are his rights? What proud credentials does the boafter bring, To prove his claim! What cities laid in afhes? What ruin'd provinces? What Aaughter'd realms? What heads of heroes, and what hearts of kings, In battle kill'd, or at his altars ीain, Has he to boaft ? Is his bright armoury Thick fet with fpears, and fwords, and coats of mail, Of vanquif'd nations, by his fingle arm Subdued? Where is the mottal man fo bold, So much a wretch, fo out of love with life, To dare the weight of this uplifted fpear, Which never fell innoxious? Yet I fwear, I grudge the glory to his parting foul To fall by this right-hand. 'Twill fweeten death, To know he had the honour to contend With the dread fon of Anak. Lateft time From blank oblivion fhall retriere bis name, Who dar'd to perifh in unequal fisht With Gath's triumphant champion. Come, advance! Philiffia's Gods to Ifrael's. Sound, my heraldSound for the battle ftrait !
[Herald founds the trumpet.

$$
\text { D A V } 1 \text { D. }
$$

Behold thy foe!
GOLIATH.

1 fee him not.
D AVID.

## A SACRED DRAMA.

D A VID.
Behold hm here !

## GOLIATH.

Say, where ?
Direct my fight. I do not war with boys.

> D A V I D.

I fland prepar'd, thy fingle arm to mine.
G O L I A T H.

Why, this is mockery, Minion! it may chance To coft thee dear. Sport not with things above thee : But tell me who, of all this num'rous hoft, Expects his death from me ? Which is the man, Whom Ifrael fends to meet my bold defiance ?

## D A VID.

Th' election of my fov'reign falls on me.

## GOLIATH.

On thee! on thee! by Dagon 'tis too much! Thou curled Minion ! thou a nation's champion ! 'Twou'd move my mirth at any other time; But trifling's out of tune. Begone, light boy t And tempt me not too far.

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { D AVID. } \\
& \text { I do defy thee; }
\end{aligned}
$$

Thou foul idolater! haft thou not fcorn'd The armies of the living God I ferve?
By me he will avenge anon thy head
Thy nation's fin's and thine. Arm'd with his name,


Unfhrinking, I dare meet the fouteft foe That ever bath'd his hoftile fpear in blood.

## G OLI ATH, ironically.

Indeed! 'tis wond'rous well! Now, by my Gods, The Aripling plays the orator! Vain boy! Keep clofe to that fame bloodlefs war of words, And thou fhalt fill be fafe. Tongue-valiant warrior ! Where is thy fylvan crook, with garlands hung, Of idle field-flowers? Where thy wanton harp, 'Thou dainty-finger'd hero? better frike Its note lafcivious, or the lulling lute Touch foftly, than provoke the trumpet's rage. I will not fain the honour of my feear With thy inglorious blood. Shall that fair cheeks Be fcarr'd with wounds unfeemly? Rather go, And hold fond dalliance with the Syrian maids; To wanton meafires dance, and let them braid The bright luxuriance of thy golden hair; They, for their loft Adonis, may miftakeThy dainty form.

## D AVID.

Peace, thou unhallow'd railer!:
O tell it not in Gath, ner let the found Reach Afkelon, how once your flaughter'd Lords, By mighty * Samfon found one common grave : When his broad thoulder the firm pillars heav'd, And to its bafe the tott'ring fabric fhook.

## A SACRED DRAMA.

## GOLIATH.

Infulting boy! perhaps thou haft not hear'd The infamy of that inglorious day, When your weak hofts at * Eben-ezer pitch'd Their quick-abandor'd tents? Then, when your ark, Your talifman, your charn, your boafted pledge Of fafety and fuccefs, was tamely loft! And yet not tamely, fince by me 'twas won. When with this good right-arm I thinn'd your ranks, And bravely crufh'd, beneath a fingle blow, The chofen guardians of this vaunted fhrine, Hophni $\dagger$ and Phineas. The fam'd ark itfelf, I bore to Afhdod.

## DAVID.

## I remember too,

Since thou provok'ft th' unwelcome truth, how all Your blufhing priefts beheld their idols flame; When proftrate Dagon fell before the ark, And your frail God was fhiver'd. Then Philiftia, Idolatrous Philiftia flew for fuccour To Ifrael's help, and all her fmitten nobles Contefs'd the Loro was God, and the blefs'd ark, Gladly, with reverential awe reftor'd!

## GOLIATH.

By Afhdoi's fane thou ly'ft. Now will I meet thee, Thou infect warrior ! fince thou dar'ft me thus!

Already

* I Samucl, cliaf. V.
+ Commentators fay, that the Chaldee Paraphrafe makes:
Galiath hault, that be had killed Hophni, and Pbineas, arda
takeis the ark prijoner.


## 73

 DAVIDANDGOLIATH:Already I behold thy mangled lirabs, Diffever'd each from each, ere loxg to feed The fierce, blood-fintifing vulture. Mark me well: Around my fpear I'll twitt thy fhining locks, And tofs in air thy head all gafh'd with wounds; Thy lips, yet quiv'ring nith the dire convulfion Of recent death! Art thou not terrified ?
D A VID.

No.
True courrage is not mov'd by breath of words. But the rath bravery of boiling blood, Impetuoats, knows no fettled principle. A fev'rifls tide, it has its ebbs and flows, As fpirits rife or fall, as wine inflames, Or circumflances change. But inborn courage; The gen'rous child of Fortitude and Faith, Hold's its firm empire in the conftant foul; And, like the ftedfaft pole-ftar, never once From the fame fix'd and faithful point declines-

## GのLIATH.

The curfes of Philiftia's zods be on thee ! This fine-drawn fpeech is mear.t to lengthen outs That little life thy words pretend to fcorn.
D A V I D.

Ha! fay'f thon fo? come on then! Mark us well. Thon com'ft to me with fiword, and fpear, and fhield! In the dread name of lfrael's God, I come; The living lord of Hosts, whom thou defy'ft! Yet tho' no fhield I bring, no arms, except Theie five fmooth ftones I gather'd froin the brook,

With fuch a fimple fling as fherherds ufe; Yet all expos'd, defencelefs as I am, The God I ferve fhall give thee up a prey To my victorious arm. This day, I mean To make th' uncircumcifed tribes confefs There is a GoD in Ifrael. I will give thee, Spite of thy vaunted ftrength, and giant bulk, To glut the carrion kites. Nor thee alone; The mangled carcafes of your thick hofts, Shall fpread the plains of Elah : till Philiftia, Thro' all her trembling tents and flying bands, Shall own that Judah's God is God indeed! I dare thee to the trial !

GOLIATH. Follow me.

In this good fpear I truft.

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { D A V I D. } \\
& \text { I truit in Heaven ! }
\end{aligned}
$$

The God of battles ftimulates my arm, And fires my foul with ardor, not its own.

## [80]

## DAVID AND GOLIATH.

$$
\begin{array}{llll}
\mathrm{P} & \mathrm{~A} & \mathrm{~T} & \mathrm{~V}
\end{array}
$$

## SCENE, The Tent of Saul.

## S A U L, rifing from bis Coucb.

OH! that I knew the black and midnight arts Of wizard forcery! that I cou'd call The nimb'ring fpirit from the fhades of hell! Or, like Chaldean fages, cou'd foreknow Th' event of things unacted! I might then Anticipate my fortune. How I'm fall'n!
The fport of vain chimeras, the weak flave Of Fear, and fickly Fancy; coveting To know the arts, which fonl diviners ufe. Thick blood, and moping melancholy, lead To baleful Superftition; that fell fiend, Whofe withring charms blatt the fair lloom of virtue. Why did my wounded pride with foom reject The wholefome tru'hs, whech holy Samuel told me? Why drive him from my prefence? he mish now Ruiic my funk foul, and my benighted mind

## A S ACRED DRAMA.

Enlighten with religion's cheering ray.
He dar'd to menace me with lofs of empire; And I, for that bold honefty, difinifs'd him.
"Another fhall poffefs thy throne, he cry'd, "" A ftranger!"' This unwelcome prophecy
Has lin'd niy crown, and ftrew'd my couch, with thorns',
Each ray of op'ning merit I difcern
In friend or foe, diftracts my troubled foul, Left he flon'd prove my rival. But this morn, Ev'n.my young champion, lovely as he look'd In blôoming valour, ftruck me to the foul, With jealoufy's barb'd dart. O Jealoufy! Thou uglieft fiend of hell!, thy deadly venom Preys on my vitals, turns the healthful hue Of iny frefh cheek to haggard fallownefs, And drinks my fpirit up!
[A flouri/b of trumpets, Bouting, \&c. \&ce.
What founds are thofe?
The combat is decided. Hark! again,
Thofe fhouts proclaim it! Now, O God of JACOB,
If yet thou haft not quite withdrawn from Saul Thy light and favour, profper me this once!
But Abner comes! I dread to hear his tale. Fair Hope, with finiling face, but ling'ring foot, Has long deceiv'd me.

## ABNER. <br> King of Ifrael, hail!

Now thou art king indeed. The youth has conquer'd, Goliath's dead.

## S A U L.

Oh, fpeak thy tale again,
Left my fond ears deceive me!

## DAVID AND GOLIATH:

## ABNER.

Thy young champion
Has nain the giant.

## S A U L.

Then Gob is gracious fill,
In fpite of my offences! But, good Abner, How was it? tell me all! Where is my champion? Q.ick let me prefs him to my grateful heart, And pay him a king's thanks. And yet, who knows?
This forward friend may prove an active foe.
No nore of that. -Tell me the whole, brave Abner!
And paint the glarious acts of my young herve !

## ABNER.

Full in the centre of the camp they food; Th' oppoling armies rang'd on either fide, In proud array. The haughty giant falk'd, Stately, acrofs the valley. Next the youth, Wirh modett confidence advanc'd. Nor pomp, Nor gay parade, nor martial ornament, Ilis graceful form adorn'd. Goliath ftrait, With folemn ftate, began the bufy work Of dreadful preparation. In one place, His clofely jointed mail an op'ning left, For air, and only one: the watchful youth Math'd that the beaver of his helin was up. Meanwhile the Giant fuch a blow devis'd, As wou'd have crufh'd him ; this the youth perceiv'd, And from his well directed aling, lie hurl'd, With dextrous ain, a ftone, which funk, deep lodg'd, In the capacious forelead of the foe. Then with a cry, as loud and terrible, As Lybian lions roaring for their yonig,

## ASACRED DRAMA.

Quite ftunn'd, the furious Giant ftagger'd, reel'd, And fell : the mighty mafs of man fell prone. With its own weight his fhatter'd bulk was bruis'd. His clattering arms rung dreadful thro' the field, And the firm bafis of the folid earth Shook. Chok'd with blood and duft, he curs'd his gods, And dy'd blafpheming! Strait the victor youth Drew from its fheath the Giant's pond'rous fword, And from tin' enormous trunk, the goary head, Furious in death, he fever'd. The grim vifage Look'd threat'ning fill, and ftill frown'd horribly.

## SAUL.

O glorious deed I O valiant conqueror !
ABNER.
The youth fo calm appear'd, fo nobly firm; So cool, yet fo intrepid; that thefe eyes Ne'er faw fuch temperate valour, fo chaflis'd By modefty.

## SAUL.

Thou dwell'ft upon his praifeWith needlefs circumftance. 'Twas nobly done, But others too have fought!

> ABNER.
> None, none fo bravely,
S A U L.

What follow'd next?

## ABNER.

The fhouting Ifraelites
On the Philiftines ruff'd, and ftill purfue Their routed remnants. In difinay, their bands, Diforder'd fly. While fhouts of loud acclaim Purfue their brave deliverer. Lo, he comes! Bearing the Giant's head, and fhining fword, His well-earn'd trophies.

## SAUL, ABNER, DAVID.

[DAvid, bearing. Goliath's bead and fword. He kneels, and lays both at SAUL's fect.]

> S A U L.
> Welcome to my heart,

My glorious champion! my deliverer, welcome! How thall I fpeak the fwelling gratitude Of my full heart? or give thee the high praife Thy gallant deeds deferve?

D A VID.
O mighty king!
Sweet is the bicath of praife, when giv'n by thofe. Whofe own high merit claims the praife they give. But let not this one fortunate event, By Heav'n directed, be afcrib'd to me. I might have fought with equal Ikill and courase, And not have gain'd this conqueft; then had fhame; Harfh obloquy, and foul difgrace befal'n me. But profp'rous fortune gains the praiie of valour.

## SAUL.

I like not this. In every thing fuperior!
He fuars above me (Afide.) Modeft routh, thou'rt right..

## A SACRED DRAMA.

And fortune, as thou fay'ft, deferves the praife We give to humar valour.

## D A VID.

Ratherfay,
The God of Hosts deferves it.

$$
\text { SAUL. } \quad \text { Tell me, youth ! }
$$

What is thy name, and what thy father's houre ?
D A VID.

My name is David, Jeffe is my fire, An humble Bethlemite of Judah's tribe.
S A U L.

David, the fon of Jefe! Sure that nameHas been familiar to me! Nay, thy voice, Thy form and features, I remember too, Tho, faint, and indiftinctly.

## ABNER.

In this Hero
Behold thy fweet mufician ; he, whofe harp Expell'd the melancholy fiend, whofe pow'r Enfiav'd thy fpirit.
SAUL.

This the modeft youth,
Whom, for his fkill and virtues, I preferr'd To bear my armour ?

> D A V I D.
> I an he, O king !

## SAUL.

Why this concealment ? tell me, valiant David! Why didft thou hide thy birth and nume till now ?

## D A.VID.

O king! I wou'd not ought from favour claim,
Or on remember'd fervices prefume:
But on the ftrength of my own actions fland,
Ungrac'd and unfupported.

## A B NER.

Well he merits
The honours, which await him. Why, O king! Doft thou delay to blefs his doubting heart With his well earn'd rewards? Thy lovely daughter; By right of coqueft his !

> SA U L, to David.
> True-thou haft won her.

She fhall be thine-Yes, a king's word is paft.

> D AVID.

O boundlefs bleffing! What, fhall fhe be mine, For whom contending monarchs might renounce Their flighted crowns?
[Sounds of mufical inftruments beard at a difance. Shouting arid finging. A grand proceffion. Сноrus of Hebrew Women.]

## SAUL.

How's this? what founds of joy
Salute my ears ? what means this pageantry?

This merry found of tabret and of harp? What mean thefe idle inftruments of triumph ? Thefe women, who in fair proceffion move, Making fweet melody ?

> ABNER.
> To pay due honour

To David, are they come.
S.AUL.

A rival's praife
Is difcord to the ear of jealoufy !
> [Martial fymphony. After whicb. CHORUs of W0MEN fing.J
I.

PREPARE! your feftal rites prepare!
Let your triumhs rend the air!
Idol gods fhall reign no more,
We the living Lord adore!
Let heathen hofts on human helps repqre, Since Ifrael's God lias routed Ifrael's foes.

> II.

Let remoteft nations know, Proud Goliath's overthrew : Fatl'n, Philiftia! is thy troft, Dagon's honour laid in duft! Who fears the Lord of Glory, need not fear The brazen armour, or the lified fear.

## III.

See the routed fquadron: fy !
Hark! their clamours rend the fiky!

Blood and carnage fain the field! See, the vanquifh'd nations yield! Difmay and terror fill the frighten'd land; While conq'ring David routs the trembling band.

> IV.

Lo! upon the tented field,
Royal Saul has thoufands kill'd!
Lo! upon th' enfanguin'd plain, David has ten thoufands flain!
Let mighty Saul his vanquifh'd thoufands tell, While tenfold triumphs David's victories fwell.
デHE END.

## PERSONS of the DRAMA.

BELSHAZZAR, King of Babylon. NITOCRIS, the Queen-mother. Courtiers, Astrologers, Parasites. DANIEL, the Jewish Prophet. Captive Jews, \&c. \&c.
, SCENE, Babylon. Time, Night.
W. The Subject of this Drama is taken from the Fifth Chapter of the Prophet Daniel.

## B E L S H A Z Z A R:

A
SACRED DRAMA.

PAR T $\mathbf{I}$.

How art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer, Son of the Morning! How art thou cut down to the ground, who didft weaken the nations!

Isaitay.

SCENE, near the Palace of Babylon.
D ANIEL, and captive JEWS.

## DANIEL.

P
ARENT of life and light! fole fource of good! Whofe tender mercies thro' the tide of time, In long fucceffive order, have fuftain'd, And fav'd the fons of Ifrael! Thou, whofe pow'r Deliver'd righteous Noah from the flood, The whelming flood, the grave of human kind!

## A SACRED DRAMA.

Oh Thou! whofe guardian care, and out-ftretch'd hand, Refcu'd young Ifaac from the lifted arm, Rais'd, at thy bidding, to devote a fon, An only fon, doom'd by his fire to die. (Oh, faving Faith, by fuch obedience prov'd! Oh bleft Obedience, hallow'd this by faith!) Thout, who in mercy favd'ft the chofen race, In the wild defert; and didft there fuftain thems Bly wonder-working love, tho' they rebell'd, And murmur'd at the miracles that fav'd them! Oh, hear thy fervant Daniel! hear, and help! Thou! whofe almighty pow'r did after raife Succeffive leaders to defend our race: Who fenteft vailant Jofhua to the field, Thy people's champion, to the conq'ring field; Where the revolving planet of the night, Sufpended in her radiant round, was ftay'd; And the bright fun, arrefted in his courfe, Stupendusufly ftood fill!

## Chorus of JEW S.

I.

What aileth thee, that thou food'ft ftill. O fun! nor did thy flaming orb decline? And thour, O moon! in Ajalon's dark vale, Why did'ft thou long beyond thy period fline $\%$

## II.

Was it at Jofhua's dread command, The leader of the Ifraelitifh band ? Yes -at a mortal bidding both ftood fitl ; 'Tuas Jofhua's word, but 'twas Jehovah's will.

## III.

What all-controuling hand had force To ftop eternal Nature's conftant courfe? The wand'ring moon to one fix'd fpoi confine, But He , whole fiat bade the planets thine?

## D A NIEL.

O Thout who, when thy difcontented hoft, Tir'd of Jehovah's rule, defir'd a king, In anger gav'f them Saul; and then again Didft wreft the regal fceptre from his hand, . To give it David-David, beft belov'd ! Illuftrious David! Poet, frophet, king! Thou, who didft fuffer Solomon his fon, To build a glorious temple to thy name ! Oh hear thy fervants, and forgive thein too, . If, by fevere necelfity compell'd, We worfhip here-We have no temple now ; Altar or fanctuary, none is left. .

## Chorus of JEWS.

O Judah! let thy captive fons deplore,
Thy fur-fam'd temple's now no more ! -
Fall'n is thy facred fane, thy glory gone,
Fall'n is thy tempie, Solomon.
Ne'er did Barbaric kings behold,
With all their fhining gems, their burnifh'd gold,
A fane fo perfect, bright and fair;
For God himfelf was wont t'ishabit there :
Between the Cherubim his glory ftood, Whic the high-prict alone the dazzling fplendor view'd.

## A SACRED DRAMA.

How fondly did the Tyrian artift firive,
His name to leteft rime fhould live!
Such wealth the ftranger wonder'd to behold :
Gold were 'he tablets, and the vafes gold.
Of cedar fuch an ample ftore,
Exhaufled Lebanon could yield no more.
Bending before the. Ruler of the fky ,
Well might the royal fuunder cry,
Fill'd with an holy dread, a rev'rend fear,
Will God in very deed inhabit here ?
The heav'n of heav'ns beneath his feet,
Is for the bright inhabitant unmeet :
Archangels proftrate wait his high commands, And will he deign to dwell in temples made with hands ?

## DANIEL.

Yes, thou art ever prefent, Pow'r fupreme !
Not circumfcrib'd by time, nor fix'd to Space, Confin'd to altars, nor to temples bound. In wealth, in want, in freedom, or in chains, In dingeons or on thrones, the faithful find thee! Ev'n in the burning cauldron thou waft near To Shadrach and the holy brotherhood; The unhurt martyrs blefs'd thee in the flames ; They fought, and found thee, call'd, and thou waft there,

## Firp J E W.

How chang'd our fate! Julah! thy glory's fall'n ; Thy joys for hard captivity exchang'd; And thy fad fons breathe the polluted air Of Pabyton, where dicities obfcene Infult the living GoD; and to his fervants,

The priefts of wretched idols, made with hands. Shew contumelious fcorn.

## DANIEL. <br> 'Tis Heav'n's high will.

## Second JEW.

 If I forget thee, O Jerufalem!If I not fondly cherifh thy lov'd image, Ev'n in the giddy hour of thoughtlefs mirth; If I not rather view thy proftrate walls
Than haughty Babylon's imperial tow'rs;
Then may my tongue refufe to frame the ftrains
Of fweeteft harmony; my rude right hand
Forget, with founds fymphonious, to accord
The harp of Jeffe's fon, to Sion's fongs.

## Fivf J E W.

Oft, on Euphrates ${ }^{\dagger}$ ever verdant banks,
Where drooping willows form a mournful flade;:
W'ith all the pride which profp'rous fortunes give,
And all th' unfeeling mirth of happy men,
Th' infulting Babylonians afk a fong;
Such fongs as erft, in better days, were fung
By Korah's fons, or heav'n-taught Afaph fet
To loftieft meafures; then our burfting hearts
Feel all their woes afrefl; the galling chain Of bondage crufhes then the free-born foul With wringing anguifh; from the trembling lip
Th' unfinith'd cadence falls, and the big tear, While it relieves, betrays the woe-fraught foul. For who can view Euphrates' pleafant ftream, Its drooping willows, and its verdant banks,

## A SACRED DRAMA.

And not to wounded memory recal The piny groves of fertile Palæftine, The vales of Solyma, and Jordan's ftream?

## D ANIEL.

Firm faith, and deep fubmiffion to high Heav'n, Will teach us to endure, without a murmur, What feems fo hard. Think what the holy hoft Of patriarchs, faints, and prophets, have fuffain'd In the bleft caufe of 'Tru:h! And fhall not we, O men of Judah! dare what thefe have dar'd, And boldly pafs thro' the refining fire Of fierce affliction? Yes, be witnefs, Heav'n! Old as I am, I will not fhrink at death, Come in what fhape it may, if God fo will, By peril to confirm and prove my faith. Oh! I wou'd dare yon' den of hungry lions, Rather than paufe to fill the tafk affign'd, By wifdom infinite. Nor think 1 boaf, Not in myfelf, but in thy ftrenghl I truft, Spirit of GoD I

## Firft J E W.

Prophet! thy words fupport, And raife our finking fouls.

## DANIEL.

Behold yon' pàlace,
Where proud Belhazzar keeps his wanton court!
I knew it once beneath another lord,
His grandfire *, who fubdued Jehoiachin,

* Nebuchadnexzar.

And hither brought far Judah's captive tribes ; Together with the rich and facred relics Of our fam'd temple; all the holy treafure, The golden vafes, and the facred cups, Which grac' d , in happier times, the fanćtuary.

## Second J EW.

May HE, to whofe bleft ufe they were devoted, Preferve them from pollution ; and once more, In his own gracious time, reftore the temple!

## D ANIEL.

I, with fome favour'd youths of Jewifh race, Was lodg'd in his own palace, and inftructed In all the various learning of the eaft: But Hz , on whofe great name our fathers call'd, Preferv'd us from the perils of a court ; And warn'd us to avoid the tempting cates Pernicious lux'ry offer'd to our tafte. Fell luxury! more perilous to youth Than ftorms or quickfands, poverty or chains.

## Second JEW.

He, who can guard 'gainft the low baits of fenfe, Will find Temptation's arrows hurtlefs ftrike Againft the brazen fhield of Temperance. For 'tis th' inferior appetites enthrall The man, and quench th' immortal light within him; The fenfes take the foul an eafy prey, And fink th' imprifon'd fpirit into brute.

## DANIEL.

Twice *, by the fpirit of God, did I expound The vifions of the king; his foul was touch'd, And twice did he repent, and proftrate fall Before the God of Daniel : yet again, Pow'r, flatt'ry, and profperity, undid him. When from the lofty ramparts of his palace, He view'd the fplendors of the royal city, That magazine of wealth, which proud Euphrates Wafts from each diftant comer of the earth; When he beheld the adamantine towers, The brazen gates, the bulwarks of his ftrength, The pendent gardens, art's ftupendous work, The wonder of the world!-The proud Chaldean, Mad with the infolence of boundlefs wealth, And pow'r fupreme, conceiv'd himfelf a God. " This mighty Babylon is mine," he cried, . 66 My wondrous pow'r, my godtike arm atchiev'd it. " I fcorn fubmiffion, own no deity
" Above my own."-While the blafphemer fpoke, The wrath of Heav'n inflicted inftant vengeance; Stripp'd him of that bright reafon he abus'd, And drove him from the chearful haunts of men, A naked, wretched, helplefs, fenfelefs thing; Companion of the brutes, his equals now.
Firf/t J EW.

Nor does his impious grandfon, proud Belhazzar, Fall fhort of his offences; nay, he wants The valiant fpirit, and the active foul,

* Daniel, chap. ii. and iv.

Of his progenitor: for Pleafure's flave,
Though bound in flow'ry fetters, filky-foft, Is more fublued, than is the cafual v:Ctim Of furious rage, and violent ambition.
Ambition is a fierce, but fhort-liv'd fire;
But Pleafure with a conftant flame confumes.
War flays her thoufands; but deftructive pleafure,
More fell, more fatal, her ten thoufands flays:
The young, luxurious king fhe fondly wooes
In every fhape of am'rous blandifhment; With adulation fmooth enfnares his foul, With love betrays him, and with wine inflames.
She ftrews her magic poppies o'er his couch;
And with del cious opiates charms him down,
In fatal flumbers bound. Though Babylon
Is now invefted by the warlike troops
Of the young Cyrus, Perfia's valiant prince;
Who, in conjunction with the Median king,
Darius, fam'd for conqueft, now prepares
To form the city: not th' impending horrors Which ever wait a fiege, have power to wake To thought, or fenfe, th' intoxicated king.

## DANIEL.

Ev'n in this night of univerfal dread,
A mighty army threat'ning at the gates;
This very night, as if in fcorn of danger,
The diffulute Belfhazzar holds a feaft
Magnificently impious, meant to honour Belus, the fav'rite Babylonifh idol.
Lewd parafites compofe his wanton court,
Whofe impious flatt'ries focth his monftrous crimes:
'they juftify his vices, and extol

## A SACRED DRAMA.

His boalfful phrafe, as if he were fome god. Whate'er he fays, they fay; what he commands, Implicitly they do; they echo back His blafphemies, with fhouts of loud acclaim; And when he wounds the tortur'd ear of Virtue, They cry, All hail! Belfhazzar live for ever! To-night a thoufand nobles fill his hall, Princes, and all the dames who grace the court; All but the virtuous queen, fage Nitocris; Ah! how unlike the impious king her fon! She never mingles in the midnight fray, Nor crowns the guilty banquet with her prefence. The royal fair is rich in every virtue Which can adorn the queen, or grace the woman. But for the wifdom of her prudent counfels This wretched empire had been long undone. Not fam'd Semiramis, Affyria's pride, Cou'd boaft a brighter mind, or firmer foul; Beneath the gentle reign of * Merodach, Her royal lord, our nation tafted peace. Our captive monarch, fad Jehoiachin, Grown grey in a clufe prifon's horrid gloom, He freed from bondage ; brought the hoary king To tafte once more the long-forgotten fweets Of precious liberty, and chearful light ; Pour'd in his wounds the lenient balm of kindnefs, And blefs'd lis fetting hour of life with peace.
[Sound of trumpets is beard at a difance.

## グirf J E W.

That found proclaims the banquet is begun.
$\mathrm{N}_{2}$ Second

[^3]
## Second J EW.

Hark! the licentious uproar grows more lond. The vaulted roof refounds with fhouts of mirth, And the firm palace fhakes! Retire, my friends; This madnefs is not meet for fober ears. If any of our race were found fo near, 'Twou'd but expofe us to the rude attack Of ribaldry obfcene, and impious jefts, From thefe mad fons of Belial, now inflam'dTo deeds of riot from the wanton feaft.

## DANIEI.

Here part we then! but when again to meet, Who knows fave Heav'n? Yet, O, my friends! I feet: An impulfe more than human ftir my breaf. Rapt in prophetic * vifion I behold Things hid as yet from mortal fight. I fee The dart of vengeance tremble in the air, Ere long to pierce the impious king. Ev'n now The fierce, deftroying angel falks abroad, And brandifhes aleft the two-edg'd fword Of retribution keen; he foon will ftrike, And Babylon fhall weep as Sion wept. Pals but a little while, and you fhall fee This queen of cities proftrate on the earth. This laughty miftrefs of the kneeling world, How flall fhe fit difhonour'd in the duft, In tarnifh'd pomp and folitary woet How flall fhe fhroud her glories in the dark, And in opprobrious filence hide her head!

Lament, O virgin daughter of Chaldea! For thou fhalt fall, imperial queen! fhalt fall! No more Sidonian robes fiall grace thy limbs. To purple garments, fackcloth fhall fucceed; And fordid dult and athes fhall fupply The od'rous nard and caffia. Thou, who faid' $\mathrm{f}_{\text {, }}$ I am, and there is none befide me: thou, Ev'n thou, imperial Babylon! fhalt fall : Thy glory quite eclips'd! The pleafant found Of viol, and of harp, fhall charm no more; Nor fong of Syrian damfels fhall be heard, Refponfive to the lute's luxurious note. But the loud bittern's cry, the raven's croak, The bat's fell fcream, the lonely owl's dull plaint, And every hideous bird with ominous fhriek, Shall fcare affrighted Silence from thy walls. While Desolation, fnatching from the hand Of time the fcythe of ruin, fits aloft, In dreadful majefty and horrid pomp; Glancing with fullen pride thy crumbliag tow'rs, Thy broken battlements, thy columns fall'n: Then, pointing to the mifchiefs fhe has made, The fiend exclaims, This once was Babylon!

## [102]

## B E L S H A Z Z A R.

P A R T II.

SCENE, The Court of Belshazzar. The King feated on a magnificent throne. Princes, Nobles, and Attendants. Ladies of the Court. Mufic...A fupberb Banquet.

Firf C OURTIER. Rijes, and kneels. .
HAIL, mighty king!

## Second COURTIER. <br> Belfhazzar, live for ever!

## Third COURTIER.

Sun of the world, and light of kings, all hail!

## Fourtb CのU R TIER.

With loweft reverence, fuch as beft becomes The humbleft creatures of imperial power; Behold a thouland nobles bend before thee!

Princes far fam'd, and dames of high defcent: Yet all this pride of wealth, this boaft of beauty, Shrirks into nought befure thine allful eye;
And lives, or dies, as the king frowns, or fmiles!

## BELSHAZZAR.

This is fuch homage, as becomes your love; And fuits the mighity monarch of mankind.

## Fifth COURTIER.

The bending world fhou'd proftrate thus before thee; And pay, not only praife, but adoration!

B E L S H A Z Z A R. Rifes, and comes forward. Let dull philofophy preach felf-denial; Let envious poverty, and fnarling age, Proudly declaim againft the joys they know not. Let the deluded Jews, who fondly hope Some fancied heav'n hereafter, mortify; And lofe the actual bleffings of this world, To purchafe others which may never come. Our Gods may promife lefs, but give us more. Ill cou'd my ardent firit be content With meagre abftinence, and hungry hope. Let thofe misjudging Ifraelites, who want The nimble fpirits, and the active foul, Call their blunt feelings virtue: let them drudge, In regular yrogreffion, thro' the round Of formal duty, and of daily toil; And, when they want the genius to be bleft, Believe their harf aufterity is goodnefs. If there be Gods, they meant we fhou'd be happy; Why give us elfe thefe appetites to be for

And why, the means to crown them with indulgence? To burft the feeble bonds, which hold the vulgar, Is noble daring.

## Firf COURTIER.

And is therefore worthy
The high imperial fpirit of Belfhazzar.

## Second COURTIER.

Behole a banquet, which the gods might fhare.

## BELSHAZZAR.

To-night, my friends! your monarch fhall be bleft With ev'ry various joy; to night is ours; Nor fhall the envious gods, who view our blifs, And ficken as they view, to-night difturb us. Bring all the richeft fuices of the Eaft, The od'rous caffia, and the dropping myrrh; The liquid amber, and the fragrant gums; Rob Gilead of its balms, Belfhazzar bids, And leave the Arabian groves without an odour. Bring frefheft flow'rs, exhauft the blooming fpring, Twine the green myrtle with the fhort-liv'd rofe; And ever, as the blufhing garland fades, We'll learn to fnatch the fugitive delight, And grafp the flying joy ere it efcape us. Come-fill the fmiling goblet for the king; Belfhazzar will not let a moment pafs, Unmark'd by fome enjoyment! The full bowl Let every gueft partake!
[Courtiers kneel, and drink.

- Firft COURTIER.

Here's to the king!
Light of the world, and glory of the earth, Whofe word is fate!

## BELSHAZZAR.

Yes, we are likeft gods, When we have pow'r, and ufe it. What is wealth, But the bleft mean's to gratify defire ? I will not have a wifh, a hope, a thought, That fhall not know fruition. What is empire ?
The privilege to punifh and enjoy;
To feel our pow'r in making others fear it;
To tafte of pleafure's cup till we grow giddy,
And think ourfelves immortal. This is empire !
My ancefors fcarce tafted of its joys :
Shut from the frightly world, and all its charms,
In cumbrous majefty, in fullen ftate,
And dull unfocial dignity they liv'd ;
Far from the fight of an admiring world, That world, whofe.gaze makes half the charms of greatnefs;
They nothing knew of empire but the name,
Or faw it in the looks of trembling flaves;
And all they felt of royalty was care..
But I will fee, and know it of myfelf;
Youth, wealth, and greatnefs court me to be bleft, And Pow'r and Pleafure, draw with equal force And fwcet attraction : both I will embrace With fond delight ; but this is Plealure's day ;
Ambition will have time to reign hereafter ;
It is the proper appetite of age.
The luft of pow'r fhall tord it uncontroul'd, When all the gen'rous feelings grow obtufe,

And ftern dominion holds, with rigid hand, His iron rein, and fits and fways alone.
But youth is Pleafure's hour!

## Firft C OURTIER.

Perifh the flave
Who, with officious counfel, wou'd oppofe The king's defire, whofe flighteft wifh is law !

## BELSHAZZAR.

Now frike the loud-ton'd lyre, and fofter lute;
Let me have mufic, with the nobler aid Of poefy! Where are thofe cunning men, Who boaft, by chofen founds, and meafur'd fweetnefs, To fet the bufy fpirits in a flame,
And cool them at their will? who know the art To call the hidden pow'rs of numbers forth, And make that pliant inftrument, the mind, Yield to the pow'rful fympathy of found, Obedient to the mafter's artful hand ?
Such magic is in fong! Then give me fong;
Yet not at firff fuch foul-diffolving ftrains,
As melt the foften'd fenfe; but fuch bold meafures,
As may inflame my fpirit to defpife
The ambitious Perfian, that prefumptuous boy,
Who rafhly dares ev'n now inveft our city,
And menaces th' invincible Belfhazzar.

A grand Concert of Music, after which an Ode.
In vain fhall Perfian Cyrus dare
With great Belfhazzar wage unequal war:

In vain Darius fhall combine, Darius, leader of the Median line;

While fair Euphrates' fream our walls protects, And great Beifhazzar's felf our fate directs.

War and famine threat in vain,
While this demi-god fhall reign!
Let Perfia's proftrate king confefs his pow'r, And Media's monarch dread his vengeful hour.

On Dura's * ample plain behold
Immortal Belus $t$, whom the nations own;
Sublime he ftands in burnifh'd gold, And richeft offerings his bright altars crown. To-night his deity we here adore,
And due libations freak his mighty pow'r.
Yet Belus' felf not more we own, Than great Belfhazzar on Chaldea's throne.

Great Belfhazzar, like a god,
Rules the nations with a nod!

## * Daniel, chap. iii.

+ See a wery fire defcription of the Temple of this Idiol. ——The tow'ring fane
of Bel, Cbaldean 7ove, furpalling far That Doric Timple, which the Elean chiefs
Rais'd to their thunderer from the fpoils of war;
Or that Ionic, where th' Eploffian bow'd
To Dian, queen of heaven. Eight towers arife,
Eacb abowe cach, immeafurable beight,
A monument at once of Eaficrn pride,
And jlavilh Siiperfition, E゙c. छ゙c.
Judah Restored, Buok I.
$\mathrm{O}_{2}$

105 BELSHAZZAR

To great Belfhazzar be the goblet crown'd! Belfhazzar's name the echoing roofs rebound!

## BELSHAZZAR.

Enough! the kindling rapture fires my brain, And my heart dances to the flatt'ring founds. I feel myfelf a god! Why not a god? What were the deities our fathers wordiupp'd ? What was great Nimrod, our imperial founder? What, greater Belus, to whofe pow'r divine, We raife to-night the banquet and the fong; Eut youthful heroes, mortal, like myfelf, Who by their daring earn'd divinity ?
They were but men: nay, fome were lefs than men, Tho' now rever'd as Gods. What was Anubis, Whom Egypt's fapient fons adore? A dog!
And fhall not I, young, valiant, and a king,
Dare more? do more be greater than the rett ?
1 will indulge the thought.- Fill ne more wine,
To cherifh and exalt the young idea! [He drinks.
Ne'er did Olympian Jupiter himfelf
Quaft fuch immortal draughts.

## Firf C OUR TIER. What cou'd that Canaan,

That heaven in hope, that nothing in poffeflion, That air-built blifs of the deluded Jews, That promifs'd land of milk, and flowing honey; What cou'd that fancied Paradife beftow
To match thefe generous juices ?
BELSHAZZAR.

Thou haf rous'd a thought ; by IIeav'n I will enjoy it ;

A glorions thought ! which will exalt to rapture The pleafures of the banquet, and beftow A yet untafted relifh of delight.

## Firf COURTIER.

What means the king ?

BELSHAZZAR.<br>The Jews! faidft thou the Jews is

## Fivf C OUR TIER.

I fpoke of that undone, that outcaft people, The tributary creatures of thy pow'r, The captives of thy will, whofe very breath Hangs on the fov'reign pleafure of the king.

## BELSHAZZAR.

When that abandon'd race was hither brought, Were not the choiceft treafures of their temple, (Devoted to their God, and held moft precious) Among the fpoils which grac'd * Nebaffar's triumph, And lodg'd in Babylon'?

> Firf COURTIER. O king! they were.

## second COURTIER.

The Jews, with fupertitious awe, behold Thefe ficted fymbols of their ancient faith:

[^4]Nor has captivity abated ought
'The rev'rend love they bear thefe holy reliques.
'Tho' we deride their law, and foorn their perfons,
Yet never have we yet to human ufe
Devoted thefe rich veffels, fet apart
To facred purpofes.

## BELSHAZZAR. <br> I joy to hear it!

Go-fetch them hither.. They flall grace our banquet.
Does no one ftir? Belfhazzar difobey'd?
And yet you live! Whence comes this frange reluctance ?
This new-born rev'rence for the he! ?lefs Jews ?
This fear to injure thofe, who can't revenge it ?
Send to the facred treafury in hafte,
Let all be hither brought;-who anfiwers, dies.
[Thcy go out.
The mantling wine a higher joy will yield,
Puur'd from the precious 'flaggons which adorn'd
Their far-fam'd temple, now in afhes laid.
Oh! 'twill exalt the pleafure in to tranfport,
To gall thofe whining, praying Ifraelites !
I langh to think what wild difmay will feize them,
When they fhall learn the ufe that has been made
Of all their holy trumpery!
[The reffels arc brought ing.

## Scond COURTIER.

It comes!
A goodly hew ! how bright with gold and gema ! Far fitter fur a youthful monarch's board, Than the cold fhrine of an unheeding God.

## A SACRED DRAMA.

DELSHAZZAR.

Fill me that maffy goblet to the brim. Now, Abraham! let thy wretched race expect The fable of their faith to be fulfill'd; Their fecond temple, and their promis'd king! Now will they fee, he's impotent to fave; For had he pow'r to help, he would have hinder'd This profanation.
[As the king is going to drink, thunder is beard; be farts from the throne, fpies a band, which writes on the wall thefe words; Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin. He lets fall the goblet, and ftands in an attitude of Speechlefs borror. All flart, and are terrified.]

> Firf C O U R T I E R, after a long panje. Oh, tranfcendent horror!

## Second COURTIER.

What may this mean! The king is greatly mov'd!

## Third. COURTIER.

Nor is it frange-who unappall'd can view it ? Thofe facred cups! I doubt we've gone too far.

> Firf COURTIER.

Obferve the fear-ftruck king! his ftarting eyes Roll horribly. Thrice he effay'd to fyeak, And thrice his tongue refus'd.

> BELSHAZZAR, in a low trembling voice. Ye myftic words !

Thou femblance of an hand! illufive forms!

Ye dire fantaftic images, what are ye ?
Dread fhadows, fpeak! Explain your horrible meaning
Ye will not anfwer me.-Yes, yeś, I feel
I am a mortal now-My failing limbs
Refufe to bear me up. I am no god!
Gods do not tremble thus.-Support me; hold me;
Thefe loofen'd joints, thefe knees which fmite each other, Betray I'm but a man-a weak one too!

## Firf COURTIER.

In truth, 'tis paffing ftrange, and full of horror!

> BELSHAZZAR.

Send for the learn'd magicians, every fage Whe deals in wizard fpells and magic charms.

Fiy? COURTIER.
How fares my lord the king ?

## BELSHAZZAR.

Am I a king ?
What pow'r have I? Ye lying flaves, I am not.
Oh, foul-diftracting fight! but is it real ?
Perhaps 'tis fancy all, or the wild dream Of mad diftemperature, the fumes of wine! I'll look upon't no more!-So-now I'm well! I am a king again, and know not fear. And yet my eyes will feek that fatal fpot; And fondly dwell upon the fight, that blafts them !
Again, 'tis there! it is not fancy's work.
I fee it ftill! 'ris written on the wall.
$I$ fee the writing, but the viewlefs writer,
Who, what is he? Oh, horror! horror! horror!

It cannot be the God of thefe poor Jews; For what is He, that he can thus afflict ?

## Second COURTIER.

Let not my lord the king be thus difmay'd.

## Third COURTIER.

Let not a phantom, an illufive fhade, Difurb the peace of him, who rules the world.

> BELSHAZZAR.

No more, ye wretched fycophants! no more! The fweeteft note which flatt'ry now can ftrike, Harfh and difcordant grates upon my foul. Talk not of power to one fo full of fear, So weak, fo impotent ? Look on that wall; If thou wou'dtt footh my foul, explain the writing ; And thou flalt be my oracle, my God I Tell me from whence it came, and what it means, And I'll believe I am again a king! Friends ! princes ! eafe my troubled breaft ; and fay, What do the myftic characters portend ?

## Fiyf COURTIER.

'Tis not in us, $\theta$ king! to eafe thy fpirit; We are not fkill'd in thofe myfterious arts, Which wait the midnight fudies of the fage : But of the deep diviners thon halt learn, The wife aftrologers, the fage magicians; Who, of events unborn, take fecret note, And hold deep commerce with the unfeen world.

# Enter ASTROLOGERS, MAGICIANS, ఆc. ङc. 

BELSHAZZAR. Approach, ye fages, 'tis the king commands!
[They kneel.
ASTROLOGERS.
Hail, mighty king of Babylon!
BELSHAZZAR.
Nay, rife:
I do not need your homage, but your help;
The world may worfhip, you muft counfel me.
He , who declares the fecret of the king,
No common honours fhall await his fkill;
Our empire fhall be tax'd for his reward, And he himfelf fhall name the gift he wifhes. A fplendid fcarlet robe thall grace his limbs, His neck a princely chain of gold adorn, Meet honours for fuch wifdom; He fhall rule The third in rank throughout our Babylon.

## [Second A S TROLOGER.

Such recompence becomes Belfhazzar's bounty. I et the king fpeak the fecret of his foul; Which heard, his humble creatures fhall unfold,

LELSHAZZAR, points to the wall.
Be't fo-Look there-behold thofe characters ! Nay, do not ftart, for I will know their meaning ! Ha! anfwer; fpeak, or inftant death awaits you! What, dumb! all dumb! where is your boafted fkill;

Keep them afunder-No confed'racy No fecret plots to make your tales agree. Speak, flaves, and dare to let me know the worft !

## Firf ASTROLOGER.

[They kneel.
0 , let the king forgive his faithful fervants !
Second ASTROLOGER.
O mitigate our threaten'd doom of death; If we declare, with mingled grief and fhame, We cannot tell the fecret of the king, Nor what thefe my(tic characters portend I

> BELSHAZZAR.

Cff with their heads! Ye fhall not live an hour!
Curfe on your fhallow arts, your lying fcience ! 'Tis thus you practife on the credulous world, Who think you wife, becaufe themfelves are weak! But, mifcreants, ye fhall die! the pow'r to punifh Is all that I have left me of a king.

> Firf COURTIER.

Great Sir! fufpend their puniflment awhile. . Behold fage Nitacris, thy royal mother!

BE $\triangle$ SHAZZAR.
My mother here!

## Enter QUEEN. -

## CUEEN.

O my mifmided fon!
Weil may'ft thou wonder to behold me here :

For I have ever fhunn'd this fcene of riot, Where wild Intemperance and diffonoar'd Mirtles
Hold feftival impure. Yer, O Belfhazzar !
I cou'd not hear the wonders which befel,
And leave thee to the workings of despair:
For, fire of all the anguifh of my foul
At thy offences, I'm thy mother fill!
Against the folemn purpose I had form'd
Never to mix in this unhallow'd crowd;
The wondrous flory of the myftic writing,
Of flange and awful import, briggs me here;
If haply I may flew forme likely means
To fathom this dark mystery.

## BELSHAZZAR. Speak, C queen!

My liftn'ning foul fall hang upon thy words, And prompt obedience follow them!

## QUEEN.

Then hear me.
Among the captive tribes, which hither came
To grace Nebaffar's triumph, there was brought
A youth nam'd Daniel, favour'd by high Heave's.
With pow'r to look into the fecret page
Of dim futurity's mysterious volume.
The spirit of the holy Gods is in him;
No vifion fo obscure, no fate fo dark,
No fentence fo perplex'd, but he can folve it:
Can trace each crooked labyrinth of thought,
Each winding maze of doubt, and make it clear, And palpable to fenfe. He twice explain'd
The monarch's myftic dreams. The holy feer

## A 5 ACRED DRAMA.

Saw, with prophetic $f_{\mathrm{p}} \mathrm{irit}$, what befel
The king long after. For his wond'rous fkill He was rewarded, honour'd, and carefs'd, And with the rulers of Chaldea rank'd : Tho' now, alas! thrown by; his fervice Forgotten or neglected ; fuch the meed Which virtue finds in courts.

## BELSHAZZAR.

Difpatch with fpeed:
A meffage, to command the holy man
To meet us on the inftant.

## NITOCRIS. <br> I already

Have fent to afk his prefence at the palace;And, lo! he comes.

Enter DANIEL.

## BELSHAZZAR.

Welcome, thrice venerable fage! approach: Art thon that Daniel, whom my great forefathed Brought hither with the captive tribes of Judah ?

> DANIEL.
I. am that Daniel.

## BELSHAZZAR. <br> Pardon, holy Prophet:

Nor let a juft refentment of thy wrongs, And long neglected merit, thut thy heart Againft a king's requeft, a fuppliant king !
BELSHAZZAR:

> D A NIEL.

The God I worfhip teaches to forgive.

## BELSHAZZAR.

Then let thy words bring comfort to my foul. I've heard the fpirit of the Gods is in thee; That thoul can'ft look into the fates of men, With prefcience more than human!

## D A N I EL. Hold, O king !

Wifdom is from above, 'tis GoD's own gift. I of myfelf am nothing; but from Him - The little knowledge I poffefs, I hold: To him be all the glory!

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { BELSHAZZAR. } \\
& \text { Then, O Daniel! }
\end{aligned}
$$

If thou indeed doft boaft that wond'rous gift, That faculty divine; look there, and tell me! O fay, what mean thofe myftic characters ? Remove this load of terror from my foul; And honours, fuch as kings can give, await thee : Thou thalt be great beyond thy foul's ambition, And rich above thy wildeft dream of wealth : Clad in the fcarlet robe our nobles wear, And grac'd with princely enfigns, thou fhalt fand Near cur own throne, and third within our empire.

## D ANIEL.

O mighty king! thy gifts with thee remain, And let thy high rewards on others fall. The princely enfign, nor the fcarlet robe,

Nor yet to be the third within thy realm, Can touch the foul of Daniel. Honour, fame, All that the world calls great, thy crown itfelf, Cou'd never fatisfy the vaft ambition Of an immortal fpirit, which afpires To an eteraal crown, a crown of glory 1
Fivft COURTIER.

Our priefts teach no fuch notions.

## D A NIEL.

> Yet, O king l

Tho' all unmov'd by grandeur, or by gift, I will unfold the high decrees of Heav'n, And ftrait declare the myltery.

> BELSHAZZAR. Speak, O Prophet !

## D A NIEL.

Prepare to hear, what kings have feldom heard; Prepare to hear, what thefe have never told thee: Prepare to hear the Truth. The mighty God, Who rules the fceptres and the hearts of kings, Gave thy renown'd * forefather here to reign, With fuch extent of empire, weight of pow'r, And greatnefs of dominion, the wide earth Trembled beneath the terror of his name, And kingdoms ftood or fell as he decreed. Oh ! dangerous pinnaclè of pow'r fupreme! Who can ftand fafe upon its treach'rous top,

[^5]Behold the gazing proftrate world below,
Whom depih and diftance into pigmies fhrink,
And not grow giddy ? Babylon's great king
Forgot he was a man, a helplefs man,
Subject to pain, and fin, and death, like others !
But who fhall fight againft Omnipotence ?
Or who hath harden'd his obdurate heart
Againft the Majefty of Heav'n, and profper'd ?
The God he had infulted was aveng'd;
From empire, from the.joys of focial life,
He drove him forth; extinguifh'd reafon's lamp,
Quench'd that bright frark of deity within;
Compell'd him, with the foreft brutes, to roam
For fcanty paftire ; and the mountain dews
Fell, cold and wet, on his defencelefs head:
Till he confefs'd-Let men, let monarchs hear 1-
Till he confefs'd, Pride was not madi for han !

## NITOCRIS.

O, awful infance of divine difpleafure!

> BELSHAZZAR.

Proceed I My foul is wrapt in fix'd attention!

> D A N I EL.

O king ! thy grandfire not in vain had finn'd; If, from his error, thou had't learnt the truth.
The flory of his fall thou oft haft heard,
But has it tatyght thee wifdom? Thou, like him, Haft been elare with pow'r, and mad with pride. I ike him, thou heft defy'd the Living God. Nay, to Lold thoughts, haft adiled deeds more bold. Thou haft out-wrought the pattern he bequeath'd thee,

And quite outgone example; haft prophan'd, WVith impious hand, the veffels of the Temple : Thofe veffels, fanctified to holieft ufe, Thou haft polluted with unhallow'd lips, And made the infruments of foul debatich. Thou haft ador'd the gods of wood and ftone, Vile, fenfelefs deities, the work of hands; But He, the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, In whom exifts thy life, thy fotil, thy breath, On whom thy being hangs, thou haft deny'd.

> Fïff. COURTIER.
[ A fide to the others.
"With what an holy boldnefs he reproves him!

## Secand COURTIER.

Such is the fearlefs confidence of virtue! -And fuch the righteous courage thofe maintain, Who plead the caufe of trith! The fmalleft word, alle utters, had been death to half the court.

> BEISHAZZAR.

Now let the myffic writing be explain'd, Thrice venerable fage!

## DANIEL. <br> O mighty king!

Hear then its awful import: God bas number'd Thy days of royalty, and foon will end them. THe All-wife bas weigh'd thee in the cuen balance Of his own holy law, and finds the qwaning: And laft, Thy kinglom faall be wrefied from thees And kuow, the Mede and Peffan, Ball toffefs it.
Q EEX

## BELSHAZZAR.

Prophet, when fhall this be ?
[He Alarts up.

## DANIEL.

In Gos's own time:
Here my commifion ends; I may not utter More than thou haft heard; but O ! remember, king? Thy days are number'd; here, repent, and live I

## BELSHAZZAR.

Say, Prophet, what can penitence avail ? If Heav'n's decrees immutably are fix' $d$, Can pray'rs avert our fate ?

## D A NIEL.

They change our hearts,
And thus difpofe Omnipotence to mercy. 'Tis man that alters, God is ftill the fame. Conditional are all Heav'n's covenants : And when th' uplifted thunder is with-held, 'Tis pray'r that deprecates th' impending bolt.
Good * Hezekiah's days were number'd too ; But penitence and tears were mighty pleas; At Mercy's throne they never plead in vain.
[He is go:ng.

## BELSHAZZA.R.

Stay, Prophet, and receive thy promis'd gift : The fcarlet robe, and princely chain, are thine :

And

[^6]And let my heralds publifh through the land, 'That Daniel ftands, in dignity and pow'r, The third in Babylon. Thefe juft rewards Thou well may'ft claim, though fad thy prophecy !

## QUEEN.

Be not deceiv'd, my fon! nor let thy foul Snatch an uncerrain moment's treach'rous reft, On the dread brink of that tremendous gulf Which yawns beneath thee.

## D A NIEL. <br> O unhappy king !

Know what muft happen once, may happen food.
Remember, that 'tis terrible to meet Great evils unprepar'd! and, O Belfhazzar ! In the wild moment of difmay and death, Remember thou waft warn'd! and, O ! remember, Warnings defpis'd are condemnations then!
[Exeunt Daniel and शueer.

## BELSHAZZAR.

'Tis well-my foul thakes off its load of care :
'Tis only the obfcure is terrible.
Imagination frames events unknown,
In wild fantaftic fhapes of hideous ruin ;
And what it fears, creates !-I know the worlt;
And awful is that worlt, as fear could feign :
But diftant are the ills, I have to dread!
What is remote may be uncertain too 1
Ha! Princes! hope breaks in!-This may not be!

> Firf COURTIER.

Perhaps this Daniel is in league with Perffa; And brib'd by Cynus to report.thefe horrors, To weaken and impede the mighty plans Of thy -mperial mind!

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { BEISHAZZ AR. } \\
& \\
& \\
& \\
& \\
& \text { 'Tis very like: }
\end{aligned}
$$

## Second COURTIER.

Return we to the banquet.

## BELSHAZZAR.

Dare we venture?

## Tbird COURTIER.

Let not this dreaming Seer difturb the king. Againft the pow'r of Cyrus, and the Mede, Is Babylon fecure. Her brazen gates Mock all attempts to force them. Proud Euphrates; A watry bulwark, guards our ample city From all affailants. And withir the walls Of this ftupendous capital are lodg'd Such vaft provifions, fuch exhaufflefs fores, As a twice ten years fiege could never wafte 1

> B ELSHAZZAR.

Embraces binm
My better genius! To the banquet then !
[As they are going to refume their places at the banquet, a dreadful uproar is beard, tumultuous cries, and warlike founds. All fand terrified. Enter foldiers, with sheir froords drawn, aird wounded.

## A SACRED DRAMA.

## SOLDIER.

Oh, helplefs Babylon! Oh, wretched king!
Chaldea is no more, the Mede has conquer'd!
The victor Cyrus, like a mighty torrent,
Comes rufling ont, and marks his way with ruin!

## BELSHAZZAR.

Impoffible! Villain and flave thou ly'f.!
Euphrates and the brazen gates fecure us.
While thofe remain, Belfhazzar laughs at danger.

> SOLDIER.

Euphrates is diverted from its courfe, The brazen gates are burf, the city's taken, Thyfelf a pris'ner, and thy empire loft.

## BELSHAZZAR.

Oh, Prophet! I remember thee too foon!
[He runs out, They follow, in the utmoft confufion.
Enter feveral JEWS, MEDES, and BABYLONIANS.

Rirf J E W.
He comes, he comes! the long pretilited prince, Cyrus! the deftin'di inftrument of Heav'n, To free otir captive nation, and refture JEhovag's Temple' Carnage marks his way, And conqueft fits upon lis plume-crown'd helm $i$

> Second I EW.

What noife is that ?

# Firf TEW. <br> Hark! 'I is Belhhazzar's voice! 

## BELSHAZZAR. <br> [Witbeus:

O Sol lier! fpare my life, and aid my flight;
Such treafures fhill reward the gentle deed,
As Perfia never fain! I'll be thy flave;
I'll yield my crown to Cyrus, I'll adore
His Gods and thine-I'll kneel and kifs thy feet,
And worftip thee-It is not much I afk-
I'll live in bondage, beggary, and pain,
So thou but let me live!

> SOLD I ER.
> Die, tyrant die !

BELSHAZZAR.<br>O Daniel ! Daniel! Daniel!

Enter SOLDIER.

## SOLDIER. <br> Belfhazzar's dead |

The wretched king breath'd out his furious foul In that tremendous groan.

Firft J E W.
Belhazzar's dead!
Then, Judah! art thou free! The tyrant's fall'n! Jenufalem, Jerufalem is free I

## [. 27 ]

## B $E \operatorname{L}$ H A Z Z A R.

$P A R T \quad$ III.

Enter D A NIEL and JEWS.

## DANIEL.

B
E L boweth down *, and haughty Nebo ftoops ! The idols fall ; the God and worfhipper Together fall I together they bow down ! Each other, or them'elves, they cannot fave. O , Babylon! where is thy refuge now ? Thy wifdom and thy knon ledge, meant to fave, Pervert thee; and thy bleffing is thy bane! Where are thy brutifh deities, Chaldea ? Where are thy gods of gold?-Oh, Lord of life! Thou very GOD! fo fall thy fues before thee!
Firf JEW.

So fell beneath the terrors of thy name The idol Chemofh, Moab's empry truft;

[^7]So Ammonitifh Moloch funk before thee : So fell Philiftine Dagon : fo. hall fall, To time's remoteft period, all thy foes!

## DANIEL.

Not for myfelf, O Judah! but for thee, I fhed thefe tears of joy. For I no more Muft view the cedars which adorn the brow Of Syrian Lebanon ; no more mall fee Thy pleafant fream, O Jordan! nor the flocks, Which whiten all the mountains of Judea; Nor Carmel's heights, nor Sharon's flow'ry vales. I muft remain in Babylon! So Heav'n, To whofe awards I bow me, has decreed. I ne'er fhall fee thee, Salem ! I am old; And few, and toilfome, are my days to come. But we fhall meet in thofe celeftial climes, Compar'd with which created glories fink : Where finners fhall have pow'r to harm no more, And martyr'd Virtue refts her weary head. Tho' ere my day of promis'd grace fhall come, I Thall be try'd by perils ftrange and new ; Nor fhall I tafte of death, fo have I learn'd, 'Till I have feen the captive tribes reftor'd.

Firf J E W.
And fhall we view, once more, thy hallow'd tow'rs, \{mperial salem?

> DANIEL.

Yes, my youthful friends!
You thall behold the fecond * temnde rife,

- Ezra, chaf. i.


## A SACRED'DRAMA.

With grateful ecfacy: but we, your fires, Now bent with hoary age ; we, whofe charm'd eyes Beheld the matchlefs glories of the firft, Shou'd weep, rememb'ring what we once had feen, That model of perfection!

> Second JEW.
> Never more

Shall fuch another fructure grace the earth ?

## DANIEL.

Well have you borne affliction, men of Judah!
Well have fuftain'd your portion of diffrefs;
And unrepining, drank the bitter dregs
Of adverfe fortune! Happier days await you.
O guard againft the perils of fuccefs!
Profperity diffolves the yielding foul,
And the bright Sun of fhining fortune melts
The firmeft virtue down. Beware, my friends,
Be greatly cautious of profperity!
Defend your fliding hearts; and, trembling, think
How thore, who buffeted aflliction's waves
With vig'rous virtue, funk in Pleafure's calm. He *, who of fpecial grace had been allow'd To rear the hallow'd fane to Ifrael's God, By wealth corrupted, and by eafe debauch'd, Forfook the God to whom he rais'd the fane; And, funk in fenfual floth, confum'd his days, In vile idolatrous rites! -Nor think, my fons, That virtue in fequefier'd folitude

Is always found. Within the inmoft foul The hidden fempter lurks ; nor lefs betrays,
In the ftill, feeming fafety of refreat,
Than where the treach'rous world delufive fmiles.
Who thinks himfelf fecure, is half undone;
For fin, unwatch'd, may reach the fanctuary :
No place preferves us from it. Righreous Lot
Stemm'd the ftrung current of corruption's tide,
Ev'n in folluted Sodom; fafe he liv'd,
While circumffećtive Virtue's watchfal eye
Was anxioufly awake: but in the fhade,
Far from the threat'ning perils which alarm
With vifible temptation, fecret fin
Enfnar'd him ; in fecurity he fell.

> Second J EW.

Thy prudent counfels in our hearts fhall live, As if a pen of adamant had grav'd them.

## Firft J EW.

The dawn approaches; let us part, my friend, Secure of peace, fince tyranny is fall'n!

DANIEL.
So perifh all thine enemies, O Lord!
So mighty Gob! fhall ferifh all, who feek
Corrupted pleafures in the turbid waves
Of life's polluted ftream; and madly quit
The living fountain of perennial grace!

THENEND.

## PERSONS of the DRAMA．

DaRIUS，King of Media and Babylon． $\left.\begin{array}{l}\text { PHARNACES，} \\ \text { SORANUS，}\end{array}\right\}$ Courtiers，enemies to Daniel． ARASPES，a young MEDiAn Lord，friend and convert of Daniel．
DA KIEL．

SCENE，The City of Babylon．


的首 The Subject of this drama is taken from the Sixth Chapter of the Book of the Prophet Daniel．

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\text { R. } 2
$$

$$
\left[\begin{array}{lll}
132
\end{array}\right]
$$

## D A N I E L:

## A

## SACRED DRAMA.

P A R T I.

The Righteous is delivered out of trouble, and the Wicked cometh in his fead.-Proverbs of Solomon.

On peut des plus grands rois furprendre la juftice.
Incapable de tromper,
Ils ont peine a s'echapper
Des pieges de l'artifice.
Un cour noble ne peut foupçonner en autrui.
La baffeffe et la malice
Qu'il ne fent point en lui.
Esther. Tragedie de Racine。

## PHARNACES, SORANUS.

 PHARNACES.YE S!-I have noted, with a jealous eye, The pow'r of this new fav'rite! Daniel reigns, And not Darius! Daniel guides the fprings Which move this mighty empire! High he fits, Supreme in favour both with priace and people !

Where is the fpirit of our Median lords, Tamely to crouch and bend the fupple knee To this new god? By Mithras, 'tis too much! Shall great Arbaces' race to Daniel bow? A foreigner, a captive, and a Jew ? Something muft be devis'd, and that right foon, To fhake his credit.

## SORANUS.

Rather hope to fhake
The mountain pine, whofe twifting fibres clafp The earth, deep rooted ! Rather hope to fhake The Scythian Taurus from his central bafe! No-Daniel fits too abfolute in pow'r, Too firm in favour, for the keeneft flaft Of nicely-aiming jealoufy to reach him.
PHARNACES.

Rather he fits too high to fit fecurely.
Haft thou then liv'd in courts? haft thou grown grey; Beneath the mafk a fubtil ftatefman wears To hide his fecret foul, and doff not know That, of all fickle Forsune's tranfient gifts, Favour is moR deceitful? 'T is a beam, Which darts uncertain brightnefs for a moment!
The faint, precarious, fickly fline of pow'r; Giv'n without merit, by caprice withdrawn. No trifle is fo fmall as what obtains, Save that which lofes it. It is a breath, Which hangs upon a fmile! A look, a word; A frown, the air-built tow'r of favour fhakes, And down the unfubftantial fabric falls!
Darius, jut and clement as he is,

If I miftake not, may be wrought upon By prudent wiles, by Flattery's pleafant cup, Adminifter'd with caution.

> SORANUS.
> But the means?

For Daniel's life (a foe muft grant him that) Is fo replete with goodnefs, to adurn'd With every virtue, fo exactly fquar'd By wifdom's niceft rules, that 'twere moft hard To charge him with the fhadow of offence. Pure is his fame, as Scythia's mountain fnows, When not a breath pollutes them! O Pharnaces!
I've fcann'd the action's of his daily life With all th' induftrious malice of a foe; And nothing meets mine eve bat deeds of honour! In office pure ; for equitable acts
Renown'd: in juftice and impartial truth, The Grecian Themis is not more fevere.

## PHARNACES.

By yon bright fun, thou blazon'ft forth his praife; As if with rapture thou didft read the page, Where thefe fair deeds are written!

> SORANUS.

Thou mifak'f. .
I only meant to fhew, what caufe we have To hate and fear him. I but meant to paint His popular virtues, and his dang'rous merit. Then for devotion, an 1 religions zeal, Who fo renown da Daniel ? Of his law Obfervant in th' extreme. Thrice ev'ry day,

With proftrate rev'rence, he adores his God:
With fuperftitious awe his face he turns
Tow'rds his belov'd Jerufatem; as if
Some local, partial God might there be found
To hear his fupplication. No affair
Of fate; no butinefs fo importunate;
No pleafure fo alluring; no employ
Of fuch high import, to feduce his zeal
From this obfervance due!

## PHARNACES.

There, there he falls!
-Enough, my friend! His piety deftroys him.
There, at the very footftool of his God,
Where he implores protection, there I'll crufh him!

> SORANUS.

What means Pharnaces ?

## PHARNACES.

Afk not what I mean!
The new idea floating in my brain, -Has yet receiv'd no form. 'Tis yet too foon To give it body, circumftance, or breath. The feeds of mighty deeds are lab'ring here, And ftruggling for a birth! 'T is near the hour The king is wont to fummon tis to council.
Ere that, this big conception of my mind I'll fhape to form and being. Thon, meanwhile, Convene our chofen friends; for I fhall need
The aid of all your comfels, and the weight .Of grave authority.

## SORANUTS.

Who fhall be trulted?

## PHARNACES.

With our immediate motive, none, except
A chofen band of friends, who moft repine At Daniel's Exaltation. But the fcheme I meditate, muft be difclos'd to all W ho bear high office; all our Median rulers, Princes and captains, prefidents and lords; All muft affemble! 'Tis a common caufe;
All but the young Arafpes, he inclines
T. Daniel and his God. He fits attent, With ravifh'd ears, to liften to his lore :
With rev'rence names Jerufalem, and reads
The volume of the law! No more he bows,
To hail the golden Ruler of the Day;
But looks for fome great Prophet, greater far, So they pretend, than Mithras! From him, therefore,
Conceal whate'er of injury is devis'd
'Gainft Daniel. Be it too thy care to-day,
To keep him from the council.

## SOR.ANUS.

'Tis well thought.
'Tis now about the hour of Daniel's pray'r,
Arafpes too is with him ; and to-day
They will not fit in council. Hafte we then!
Defigns of high importance, once conceiv'd, Shou'd be accomplifh'd. Genius to difcern, And courage to atchieve, defpife the aid Of ling'ring circumfpection. The keen fpirit Seizes the prompt occafion, and at once Plans and performs, refolves and executes!

## D A N I E L.

$$
\mathrm{P} \text { A R T II. }
$$

sCENE, Dantel's Houfe.

> DANIEL, ARASPES.

## AR A SPES.

P
ROCEED, proceed, thrice venerable fage ! Enlighten my dark mind with this new ray, This dawning of falvation! Tell me more Of this expected King! this Prince of Peace! This Promife of the nations! this great Hope Of anxious Ifraël! This mighty Prophet! This Balm of Gilead, which fhall heal the wounds Of univerfal nature! this Messiah! Redeemer, faviour, fufferer, victim, God!

## D A NIEL.

Enough to animate our faith, we know, But not enough to foothe the curious pride Of vain philofophy! Were all reveal'd,

Hope wou'd have then no object, God no fear, And faith no exercife! Enough to cheer Qur path we fee, the reft is hid in clouds; And Heav'n's own fhadows reft upon the view!

## ARASPES.

Go on, bleft fage! I cou'd for ever hear, Untir’d, thy admonition! Tell me, how I fhall obtain the favour of that God I but begin to know.

## D ANIEL.

By holy deeds,
By deep humility, by faith unfeign'd. O Faith *, thou wonder-working principle! Eternal fubftance of our prefent hope, Thou evidence of things invifible! What cannot man fuftain, fuffain'd by thee? The time wou'd fail, and the bright far of day Wou'd quench his beans in ocean, and refign His empire to the filver queen of night; And fhe again defcend the feep of heav'n, If I fhou'd teil what wonders Farth atchiev'd, By Gideon, Barak, and the fapient feer, Elkanah's fon ; the pious Gileadite, Ill-fated Jephrhah! He of + Zorah too, In ftrength unequall'd; and the fliepherd-kin! Who flew the giant of Gath! Why fhou'd I tell Of holy Prof hets, who, by conquering Faith, Wrought deeds incredible to mortal fenfe;

## A SACRED.DRAMA.

Vanquifh'd contending kingdoms, quell'd the rage
Of furious petilence, extinguifh'd fire?
Vifturious Faith! others by thee endur'd
Exile, difgrace, captivity, and death!
Some, uncomplaining, bore (nor be it deem'd
The meaneft exercife of well-try'd Faith)
The biter taunts of undeferv'd reproach;
Defpifing thame, that death to human pride !

> A R A S PES.

How fhall this faith be fought?

## D ANIEL.

By earnéft pray'r. .
Solicit firlt the wifdom from above;
Wirdom *, whofe fruits are purity and peace!
Wifdom! that bright intelligence, which fat
Supreme, when with his golden $\dagger$ compaffes
Th' Eternal plann'd the fabric of the world,
Produc'd his fair idea into light,
And faid, That all was good! Wifdom, bleft beam!'
The brightnefs of the everlafting light!
The fyotlefs mirror of the pow'r of God!
The reflex image of th' all-perfect mind!
A fream tranlucent, flowing fiom the fource
Of glory infinite ; a cloudlefs light!
Defilement cannot touch, nor fin pollute
Her unftain'd purity! Not Oplir's gold,

[^8]Nor Ethiopia's gems can match her price!
The djamond of the mine is pale before her!
And, like the oil Elifha's bounty blefs'd,
She is a treafure which doth grow by ufe, .
And multiply by ipending! the contains,
Within herfelf, the fun of excellence,
If riches are defir'd, wifdom is wealth!
If prudence, where fhall keen invention find
Artificer more cunning ? If renown,
In her right-hand it comes! If piety,
Are not her labours virtues? If the lore
Which fage experience teaches, lo! the fcans
Antiquity's dark truths; the paft fhe knows,
Anticipates the future; not by arts
Forbidden, of Chaldean forcerer;
Eut from the piercing ken of deep foreknowledge ;
From her fure fcience of the human heart;
Weighing effects with caufes, ends with means ;
And from the probable the certain forms,
With palpable conjecture!

> ARASPES,
> Now, O Prophet!

Explain the fecret doubts which rack my mind, And my weak fenfe confound. Give me fome line To found the depths of Providence! O fay, Why the ungodly profper? why their root Shoots deep, and their thick branches flourifh fair, Like the green bay tree? why the righteous man, Like tender plants, to fhiv'ring winds expos'd, Is fripp'd and torn, in naked virtue bare, And nipp'd by cruel forrow's biting blaft? Explain, O Daniel! thefe myfterious ways,

To my faint apprehenfion! For as yet I've suuch to learn. Fair. Truth's immortal fun Is fometimes hid in clouds; not that her light Is in iffelf defective; but obfcur'd By my weak prejudice, imperfect Faith, And all the thoufand caufes which obftrucis The growth of virtus.

## D ANIEL.

Follow me, Arafpest
Within, thou fhalt perufe the facred page,
The book of Life eternal! there thou wilt fee The end of the ungodly; thou wilt own How fhort their longeft period; wilt perceive How black a night fucceeds their brighteft day! Weigh well this book ; and may the Spirit of Grace, Who ftamp'd the feal of truth on the blefs'd page, Defcend into thy foul, remove thy doubts, Clear the perplex'd, and folve the intricate, 'Fill Faith be loit in fight, and Hope in joy!

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[ 142]
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## D A N I E L.

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P \quad A \quad R \quad T \quad \text { III. }
$$

DARIUS on bis tbrone. PHARNACES, SORANUS, PRINCES, PRESIDENTS, and COURTIERS.

## PHARNACES.

KIN G Darius, live for ever!
## D A RIUS.

Welcome!
Welcome, my princes, prefidents and friends! Now tell me, has your wifdom ought devis'd To ferve the common weal? In our new empire, Subdued Chaldea, is there orght remains Your prudence can fuggeft, to ferve the flate; To benefit the fubject, to redrefs And raife the injur'd ? to alfift th' opprefs' $\mathrm{d}_{\boldsymbol{s}}$ And humble the oppretior ? If you know,

## A SACRED DRAMA.

Speak freely, princes! Wherefore am I king, Except to poife the awful fcale of juftice With even hand ; to minifter to want, To blefs the nations with a lib'ral rule, Vicegerent of th' eternal Oromafdes!

## PHARNACES.

So abfolute thy wifdom, mighty king! All counfel were fuperfluous.

## D A RIUS.

Hold, Pharnaces.
No flatt'ry, prince; it is the death of virtue; Who gives it is of all mankind the loweft, Save he who takes it. Monarchs ave but men ; As feeble and as frail as thofe they rule, And born, like them, to die. The Lydian king, Unhappy Croefus ! lately fat aloft, Almoft above mortality; now fee him, Sunk to the vile condition of a flave, He fwells the train of Cyrus ! I, like him, To mis'ry am obnoxious. See this throne : This very throne the great * Nebaffar fill'd; Yet hence his pride expell'd him! Yonder wall, The dread terrific writing to the eyes Of proud Belfhazzar flew'd; fad monmments Of Heav'n's tremendous vengeance! and fitll Y, Unwarn'd by fuch examples, cherifh pride?
Yet to their dire calamities 1 owe The brighteft gem that gliftens in my crown,

Sage Daniel. If my fpeech have ought of worth, Or if my life with ought of good be grac'd, To him alone I owe it.

## S OR A NUS. [ Afide to Pharnaces.

 Now, Pharnaces, Will he run o'er, and dwell upon his praife, As if we ne'er had heard it; nay, will fwell The naufeous catalogue with many a virtue His own fond fancy coins.
## PHARNACES.

$O$, great Darius !
Let thine unworthy fervant's words find grace ;
And meet acceptance in his royal ear,
Who fubjugates the Eaft! Let not the king
With anger hear my pray'r.

> DARIUS.
> Pharnaces, fpeak !

I know thou lov'ft me: I but meant to chide Thy flatt'ry, not reprove thee for thy zeal. Speak boldly, friends, as man fhou'd fpeak to man. Perifh the barb'rous maxims of the Eaft, Which bafely wou'd enflave the free-born mind, And plunder it of the beft gift of Heav'n, Its liberty!

> PHARNACES. Then, O Darius, hear me!

Thy princes, and the captains of thy bands,
Thy prefidents, the governors who rule
Thy provinces, and I, thine humble creature
(Lefs than the leaft in merit, but in love, In zeal, and duty, equal with the firft;) We have devis'd a meafure to confirm Thy infant empire ; to eftablifh here Thy pow'r with firm dominion, and fecure "Thy growing greatnefs paft the pow'r of change.

## D A RIUS.

I am prepar'd to hear thee. Speak, Pharnaces !

## P.H ARNACES.

The wretched Babylonians long have groan'd Beneath the rule of princes, weak or rafh. The rod of pow'r was falfely fway'd alike, By feeble Merodach, and fierce Belfhazzar. One let the flacken'd reins too loofely float Upon the people's neck, and loft his pow'r 'By nervelefs relaxation. He, who follow'd, Held with a tyrant's hand the cruel curb, And check'd the groaning nation till it bled.
On diff'rent rocks they met one common ruin.
Their edicts were irrefolute, their laws
Were feebly plann'd, their councils ill-advis'd;
Now fo relax'd, and now fo overftrain'd, That the tir'd people, wearied with the weight They long have borne, will foon difdain controul, Tread on all rule, and fpurn the hand that guides ' em .

DARIUS.
But fay what remedy ?

## PHARNACES.

That too, O king!
Thy fervants have provided. Hitherto
They bear the yoke fubmifive. But to fix
Thy pow'r, and their obedience ; to reduce All hearts to thy dominion, yet avoid Thofe deeds of cruelty thy nature ftarts at-
Thou fhou'd'ft begin by fome imperial act
Of abfolute dominion, yet unftain'd
By ought of barbarous. For know, O king !
Wholefome feverity, if wifely rul'd,
With fober difcipline, procures refpect,
More than the lenient counfels and weak meafures, Of frail irrefolution.

> DARIUS.
> Now proceed

To thy requeft.

## PHARNACES. Not I, but all requeft it.

Be thy imperial edict iffued frait, And let a firm decree this day be pafs'd, Irrevecable, as our Median laws Ordain, that for the fuace of thirty days, No fubject in thy realm fhall ought requeft Of God, or man, except of thee, O king!

> D ARIUS.

Wherefore this ftrange decree ?

## PHARNACES.

'Twill fix the crown
With lafting fafety on thy royal brow;

## A SACRED DRAMA.

And by a bloodlefs means preferve th' obedience Of this new empire. Think how much 'twill raife Thy high renown! 'Twill make thy name rever'd, And popular beyond example. What! To be as Heav'n, difpenfing good and ill For thirty days ! With thine own ears to hear Thy people's wants, with thine own lib'ral hands To blefs thy fuppliant fubjects! O Darius ! Thou'lt feem as bounteous as a giving God! And reign in ev'ry heart in Babylon, As well as Media. What a glorious ftate, To be the bleffed arbiter of good; The firft efficient caufe of happinefs ! To fcatter mercies with a plenteous hand, And to be bleft thyfelf in bleffing others I

> D A R I U S.

Is this the gen'ral wifh?
[The Princes and Courtiers kncel,

## Cbief PRESIDENT.

 Of one, of all.Behold thy princes, prefidents, and lords, Thy counfellors, and captains! See, O king!
[Prefenting the Edict.
Behold the inftrument our zeal has drawn; The edict is prepar'd. We only wait
The confirmation of thy gracious word, And thy imperial fignet.

## DARIUS.

> Say, Pharnaces,

What penalty awaits the man who dares
Tranfgrefs our mandate ?

> D A N I E L:

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { PHARNACES. } \\
& \text { Inftant death, O king :. }
\end{aligned}
$$

This ftatute fays, "Should any fubject dare
" Petition, for the fpace of thirty days,
" Of God, or man, except of thee, O king !
"He fhall be thrown into yon' dreadful den
"Of hungry lions!"

## DARIUS. <br> Hold ! Methinks a deed.

Of fuch importaace fhou'd be wifely weigh'd.
PHARNACES.

We have revolv'd it, mighty king, with care, With clofeft fcrutiny.

> D A R I U S.
> I'm fatisfy'd.

Then to your wifdom I commit me, princes !
Behold the royal fignet, fee, 'tis done!

## PHARNACES.

There Daniel fell! That fignet feal'd his doom!

$$
\text { D A RIUS. } \quad[\text { After a paufe. }
$$

Let me reflect!-Sure I have been too rafh! Why fuch intemperate hafte? But you are wife; And would not counfel this fevere decree But for the wifeft purpofe. Yet, methinks I might have weigh'd, and in my mind revolv'd This ftatute, ere, the royal fignet ftamp'd, It had been paft repeal! Saree Daniel too!
My counfellor, my venerable friend,

## A SACRED DRA.MA.

Ire fhou'd have been confulted; for his wifdom I ftill have found oraculdr.

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { PHARN:ACES. } \\
& \text { Mighty king ! }
\end{aligned}
$$

${ }^{\text {' }}$ Tis as it fhould be! The decree is paft Irrevocable, as the ftedfalt law Of Mede and Perfian, which can never change. Thofe who obferve it live, as is moft meet, High in thy grace ; wha violate it, die.

## D A N I E I:

P A R T IV.

SCENE, Daniel's Houfe.

> D A NIEL, ARASPES.

## ARASPES.

OH, holy Daniel! prophet, father, friend! I come, the wretched meffenger of ill! Thy foes complot thy death. For what can mears This new-made law, extorted from the king, Almoft by force? What can it mean, O Daniel! But to involve thee in the toils they fpread To fare thy preciaus life 3 .

## D A N IE L.

How ! was the king :
Confenting to this edict ?

> ARASPES.

They furpris'd
His eafy nature; took him when his heart Was foften'd by their blandifhments! They wore The makk of public virtue to deceive him. Beneath the fpecious name of gen'ral good, They wrought him to their purpofes: no time Allow'd him to deliberate. One fhort hour, Another moment, and his foul had gain'd Her natural tone of virtue.

## D A N IEL.

That great Pow'r:
Who fuffers evil, only to produce Some unfeen good, permits that this fhou'd be: And, He permirting, I, well pleas'd, refign! Retire, my friend! This is my fecond hour . Of daily pray'r. Anon we'll meet again! Here, in the open face of that bright fun Thy fathers worfhipp'd, will I offer up, As is my rule, petition to our God, For thee, for me, for Solyma, for all!

## ARASPES.

Oh, ftay! what mean'ft thou! fure thou haft not heard. The edict of the king? I thought, but now, Thou knew'f its purport. It exprefsly fays, That no petition henceforth fhall be made, l'or thirty days, fave only to the king ;

## A SACRED DRAMA.

Nor pray'r nor interceefion fhall be heard Of any God, or man, but of Darius.

## D A NIEL.

And think'f thou then my rey'rence for the king,
Good as he is, fhall tempt me to renounce My fiworn allegiance to the King of kings ? Haft thou commanded legions, tempted death In various fhapes, and fhrink'f at danger now ? Come, learn of me ; I'll teach thee to be bold, Tho' fword I never drew ! Fear not, Arafpes, The feeble vengeance of a mortal man, Whofe breath is in his noftrils; for wherein Is he to be accounted of? but fear Th' awaken'd vengeance of the living LORD ; He who can plunge the everlafting foul In infinite perdition!

> ARASPES.
> Then, O Daniel!

If thou perfift to difobey the edict, Retire, and hide thee from the prying eyes Of bufy malice !

> DA N I E L.
> He who is atham'd

To vindicate the honour of his GOD, Of him the living Lokd fall be aflam'd, When he fhall judge the tribes!

> ARASPES.

$$
\text { Yet, } 0 \text { remember, }
$$

Oft have I heard thee fay, the fecret heart Is fair Devotion's Temple ; there the faint,

Ev'n on that living altar, lights the flame
Of pureft facrifice, which burns unfeen,
Not unaccepted. - I remember too,
When Syrian Naaman *, by Elifha's hand,
Was cleans'd from foul pollution, and his mind,
Enlighten'd by the miracle, confefs'd
The Almighty God of Jacob, that he deem'd it
No flagrant violation of his faith,
To bend at Rimmon's fhrine; nor did the Seer Forbid the rite external.

## D ANIEL.

Know, Arafpes,
:Heav'n deigns to fuit our trials to our frength !
A recent convert, feeble in his faith,
Naaman, perhaps, had funk beneath the welght "Of fo fevere a duty. But fhall I, Shall Daniel, fhall the fervant of the Lord, A vet'ran in his caule; one train'd to know, And do his will; one exercis'd in woe,
Bred in captivity, and born to fuffer ;
Shall I, from known, from certain duty fhrink
To fhun a threaten'd danger? O, Arafpes !
Shull I, advanc'd in age, in zeat decline?
Grow carelefs as I reach my journey's end ?
And flacken in my pace, the goal in view ?
Perifh difcretion, when it interferes
Wiih duty! Perifh the fafe policy
Of haman wit, where Goo's eternal name
Is fat in competition! Shall his law.

Be fet at nought, that I may live at eafe'? How would the heathen triumph, fhould I fall Thro' coward fear! How wou'd Goo's enemies Infultingly blafpheme!

> ARASPES.
> Yet think a moment.

## DANIEL.

## No!

Where evil may be done, 'tis right to ponder: Where only fuffer'd, know, the fhorteft paufe Is much too long. Had great Darius paus'd, -This ill had been prevented. But for me, Arafpes! to deliberate is to fin.

## ARASPES.

Think of thy pow'r, thy favour with Darius: Think of thy life's importance to the tribes, Scarce yet return'd in fafety. Live! O, live! To ferve the caufe of Goal

## DANIEL.

God will futtain
Himfelf his righteous caufe. He knows to raife Fit inftruments to ferve him. As for me,
The fpacious earth holds not a bait to tempt me. What wou'd it profit me, if I fhou'd gain Imperial Ecbatan, th' extended land Of fruitful Media, nay, the world's wide round, If my eternal foul mult be the price?
Farewell, my friend! time prefles. I have ftol'n Some moments from my duty, to confirm, And ftrengthen thy young faith! Let us fulfil What Heav'n enjoins, and leave to Heav'n th' event !

## [ 134 ]

## D A N I E L.

$$
P A R T \quad V \text {. }
$$

## 

## SCENE, The Palace.

PHARNACES, SORANUS.

## PHARNACES.

T
IS done-fuccefs has crown'd our fcheme, Soranus.; And Daniel falls into the deep-laid toils Our prudence fpread.

> SOR ANU S'.
> That he fhou'd fall fo foon,

Afonifhes ev'n me! What! not a day, No, not a fingle moinent to defer His raft devotions? Madly thus to rufh On certain peril quite tranfcends belief! When happen'd it, Pharnaces ?

## A SACRED DRAMA.

## PHARNACES.

On the inftant:
Scarce is the deed accomplifh'd. As he made
His oftentatious pray'r, ev'n in the face Of the bright God of Day, all Babylon Beheld the infult offer'd to Darius.
For, as in bold defiance of the law,
His windows were not clos'd. Our chofen bands,
Whom we had plac'd to note him, frait rufh'd in, And feiz'd him in the warmth of his blind zeal, Ere half his pray'r was finifh'd. Young Arafpes, With all the wild extravagance of grief, Prays, weeps, and threatens. Daniel filent ftands,. With patient refignation, and prepares
To follow them.-But fee! the king approaches !

## SORANUS.

How's this? deep forrow fits upon his brow I' And ftern refentment fires his angry eye!

> DARIUS, PHARNACES, SORANUS.

## D ARIUS. <br> $O$, deep-laid ftratagem! $O$, artful wile!

To take me unprepar'd! to wound my heart, Ev'n where it feels moft tenderly, in friendrhip!
To fab my fame! to hold me up a mark
To future ages, for the perjur'd prince,
Who flew the friend he lov'd! O Daniel! Daniel!
Who now fhall truft Darius? Not a flave
Within my empire, from the Indian mair
To the cold Cafpian, but is more at eafe
Than I, his monarch! I have done a deed :

Will blot my honour with eternal ftain! Pharnaces! O, thou hoary fcycophant!
Thou wily politician ! thou haft fnar'd
Thy unfufpecting mafter!

## PHARNACES.

Great Darius L
Let not refentment blind thy royal, eyes.
In what am I to blame? who cou'd forefee
This obftinate refiftance to the !aw ?
Who coun'd forefee that Daniel wou'd ${ }^{2}$ perforce,
Oppofe the king's. decree ?

> D A. R I U S.
> Thou, thou forefaw't it!?

Thou knew'ft his rigliteous foul wou'd ne'er endure So long an interval of pray'r. But I, Deluded king! 'Twas I fhou'd have forceeen His ftedfaft piety. I fhou'd have thought, Your earneft warmth had fome more felfifh fource, Sonnething that touch'd you nearer, than your love, Your counterfeited zeal for me. Thou knew' i .
How dear I held him : how I priz'd his truth!
Did I not chufe him from a fubject world,
Unblefs'd by forture, and by birth ungrac'd, A captive and a Jew ? and yet I lov'd him !
Was he not rich in independent worth ?
There, there he fell! If he had been lefs great, He had been fafe. Thou col'dit not bear his brightnefs:
The luftre of his virtues quite obfcur'd,
And dimm'd thy fainter merit. . Rafh old man!
Go, and devife fome means to fet me free
From this dread load of guilt! Go, fet at work

Thy plotting genius to redeem the life Of. venerable Daniel !

## PHARNACES.

'Tis too late.
He has offended 'gaintt the new decree ; Has dar'd to make petition to his God, Altho' the dreadful fentence of the act Full well he knew. And by th' eftablifh'd law Of Media, by thrat law irrevocable, Which he has dar'd to violate, he dies !

## D ARIUS.

Impiety ! prefumption! monfrous pride!-
Irrevocable ? Is there ought on earth Deferves that name? Th' eternal laws alone Of Orofmafdes claim it. But, alas !
All human projects are fó faintly fram'd, So feebly plann'd, fo liable to change,
So mix'd with error in their very form,
That mutable and mortal are the fame.
But where is Daniel? Wherefore comes he not
To load me with reproaches? to upbraid me With aH the wrongs my barb'rous hafte has done himet. Where is he?.

> PHARNACES.
> He prepares to meet his fate.

This hour he dies, for fo the act decrees.

> DARIUS.

Sufpend the bloody fentence! Bring kim hithert Or rather let me feek him, and implore His dying pardon, and his parting pray'r.

## [158]

## D A N. I E I..

$$
\text { P. A. } R \quad \mathrm{~T} . \quad \mathrm{VI} .
$$

## SCENE, Daniel's Houfe. .

> DANIEL ARASPES.

## ARASPES.

STILL let me follow thee ; ftill let me hear The voice of Wifdom, ere the filver cord By Death's cold hand be loofen'd.

> D A NIEL.
> Now I'mi ready

No grief; no woman's weaknefs, good Arafpes! Thou fhou'dft rejoice my pilgrimage is $\mathrm{o}^{\text {rer }}$; And the bleft haven of repofe in view.

## ARASPES.

And muff I loofe thee, Daniel? muft thou die ?

## D ANIEL.

And what is death, my friend, that I fhou'd fear it ?
To diel why 'tis to triumph; 'tis to join The great affembly of the good and juft; Immortal worthies, heroes, prophets, faints ! Oh! 'tis to join the band of holy men, Made perfect by their fuff'rings! 'Tis to meet My great progenitors! 'tis to behold 'Th' illuftrious Patriarchs; they, with whom the Lord Deign'd hold familiar converfe! 'Tis to fee Blefs'd Noah and his children, once a world! 'Tis to behold (oh! rapture to conceive 1) Thofe we have known, and lov'd, and lof, below! Bold Azariah, and the band of brothers, Who fought, in bloom of youth, the forching flames! Nor is it to behold heroic men Alone, who fought the fight of faith on earth; But heav'nly conquerors, angelic hofts, Michael and his bright legions, who fubdued The foes of truth! To join their bleft employ Of love and praife! To the high melodies Of choirs celeftial to attune my voice, Accordant to the golden harps of faints! To join in blefs'd hofannahs to their King! Whofe face to fee, whofe glory to behold, Alone were heav'n, tho' faint or feraph none There were befide, and only. He werc there! This is to die! Who wou'd not die for this? Who wou'd not die, that he might live for ever?

DARIUS.
D A N I E L:

## DARIUS, DANIEL, ARASPES.

## D ARIUS.

Where is he? Where is Daniel? Let me fee himi Let me embrace that venerable form,
Which I have doom'd to glut the greedy maw Of furious lions :

## DANIEL.

King Darius, hail!

## DARIUS.

O; injur'd Daniel ! can I fee thee thus ?
Thus uncomplaining? can I bear to hear
That when the ruffian minifters of death
Stopp'd thy unfinifh'd pray'r, thy pious lips
Had juft invok'd a bleffing on Darius,
On him who fought thy life? Thy murd'rers dropt
Tears of Arange pity. Look not on me thus,
With mild benignityl Oh! I could bear
The voice of keen reproach, or the ftrong flafh.
Of fierce refentment ; but I cannot fand
That touching filence, nor that patient eye Of meek refpect!

> D A N IE L.
> Thou art my matter fill.

> DARIUS.

- I am thy murd'rer! i have fign'd thy death !

> D A NIEL.

I know thy bent of foul is honourable :
Thou haft been gracious fill! Had it been otherwile,

I wou'd have met th' appointment of high Heav'r With humble acquiefcence; but to know, Thy will concurr'd not with thy fervant's fate, Adds joy-to refignation.

## DARIUS.

Here I fwear,
By him who fits inthron'd in yon bright fun, Thy blood fhall be aton'd! On thefe, thy foes, Thou fhalt have ample vengeance.

## ${ }^{r}$ D ANIEL.

Hold, O king!
-Vengeance is mine, th' eternal Lord has faid; And I will recompence, with even hand, The finner for the fin. The wrath of man ${ }^{2}$ Works not the righteoufnef of GoD.

## D ARIUS.

I had hop'd
"We fhou'd have trod this bufy ftage together, A little longer; then have funk to reft, In honourable age! Who now fhall guide My fhatter'd bark in fafety? who fhall now. Direct me? O, unhappy fate of kings! ${ }^{\text {'Tis well the robe of majefty is gay, }}$
Or who wou'd put it on? A crown! what is it?
It is to bear the mis'ries of a people!
'To hear their murmurs, feel their difcontents, And fiik beneath a load of fplendid care!
To have your beft fuccels afcrib'd to Fortune,
-And Fortune's failures all afcrib'd to you!

## 162

 D A N I E L:It is to fit upon a joylefs height,
To every blaft of changing fate expos'd!
Too high for hope! too great for happinefs !
For friend fhip too much fear'd! To all the joys
Of focial freedom, and th' endearing charm
Of lib'ral interchange of foul mknown!
Fate meant me an exception to the reft,
And, tho' a monarch, blefs ${ }^{*} \mathrm{~d}$ me with a friend; And I-have murder'd him !

## D ANIEL. <br> My hour approaches!

Hate not my mem'ry, kiag, protect Arafpes.
Encourage Cyrus in the holy work
Of building ruin'd Solyma, Farewell!

## DARIUS.

With moft religious frictnefs I'll fulfil Thy laft requeft. Arafpes flall be next My throne and heart. Farewell I [Tbey embrace. Hear, future kings!
Ye unborn rulers of the nations, hear!
Learn from my crime, from my misfortune learn, Never to truft to weak, or wicked hands, That delegated pow'r, which Oromafdes Inveits in monarshs for the public good.

## $\left[\begin{array}{ll}163\end{array}\right]$

## D A N I E L.

> P A R T VII.


## S C E N E, The Court of the Palace.

[Tbe fun rifing.
DARIUS, ARASPES.

> D A RIUS.

OH, good Arafpes! what a night of horror! To me the dawning day brings no return Of cheerfuluefs or peace! No balmy fleep Has feal'd thefe eyes, no nourifhment has paft Thefe loathing lips, fince Daniel's fate was fign'd !. Hear what my fruitlefs penitence refolvesThe thirty days my rafhnefs had decreed The edict's force fhou'd laft, I will devote To mourning and repentance, fafting, pray'r, And all duee rites of grief. For thirty days, No pleafant found of dulcimer or harp, Sackbut, or flute, or pfaltry fhall charm Myy ear, now dead to $\mathrm{ev}^{\prime}$ ry note of joy !
X

ARASPES.
ARASPES.

My grief can know no period!

## DARIUS.

See, that den!
There Daniel met the furious lions' rage !
There were the patient martyr's mangled limsbs
Torn piece-meal! Never hide thy tears, Arafpes;
'Tis virtuous forrow, unallay'd like mine
By guilt and fell remorfe! Let us approach.
Who knows but that dread pow'r, to whom he pray'd So often and fo fervently, has heard him!
[He goes to the mouth of the den.
O, Daniel, fervant of the living God !
He whom thou haft ferv'd fo long, and lov'd fo well,
From the devouring lions' famifh'd jaw,
Can he deliver thee?
D A N IE L. [From the bottom of the deno He can, he has!

> D A RIUS.

Miethought, I heard him fpeak !

> ARASPES.

O wond'rous force
Of frong inagination! were thy voice Loud as the trumpet's blaft, it cou'd not wake him From that eternal fleep!

> DAN I E L. In the dem Hail! king Darius!

The God I ferve has fhut the lion's mouth, To vindicate my innocence.

DARIUS.

## A SACRED DRAMA.

## DARIUS.

He fpeaks !
He lives!

> ARASPES:
'Tis no illufion: 'tis the found
Of his known voice.

> D A R I US.
> Where are my fervants? hafte;

Fly fwift as light'ning; free him from the den, Releafe him, bring him hither! Break the feal Which keeps him from me! See, Arafpes! look! See the charm'd lions!-Mark their mild demeanor; Arafpes, mark!-they have no pow'r to hurt him! See how they hang their heads, and fmooth their fiercenefs? At his mild afpect !

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { A R A S P ES. } \\
& \text { Who that fees this fight, }
\end{aligned}
$$ Who that in after-times fhall hear this told, Can doubtif Daniel's God be Gop indeed ?

D ARIUS.

None, none, Arafpes I

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { ARASPES. } \\
& \text { Ah! he comes; he comes }
\end{aligned}
$$

Enter D A N I E L, followed by multitudes.

> D A NIEL.

Hail, great Darius !
DARIUS.

Doft thou live indeed ?
And live unhurt?

> A R A SPE S.
> O, miracle of joy!

## DARIUS.

I farce can truft my eyest How didft thou 'fcape?

## D ANIEL.

That bright and glorious Being, who vonchfaf'd Prefence divine, when the three martyr'd brothers. Fflay'd the caldron's flame, fitpported me! Ev'n in the furious lioss' dreadful den, The prifoner of hope, even there I turn'd To the ftrong hold, the bulwark of my ftrength, Ready to hear, and mighty to redeem!

> DARIUS. [To Arajpes

Where is Pharnaces! Take the hoary traitor;
Take too Soranus, and the chief abettors Of this dire edict. Let not one efcape. The punifhment their deep-laid hate devis'd For holy Daniel, on their heads fhall fall With tenfeld vengeance. To the lions' den I doom his vile accufers! All threir wires, Their children too, fhall thare one common fate! Take care that none efcape.-Go, good Arafpes.

> D A N IE L. [Arafpes goes out
> Not fo, Darius.

0 fpare the guiltlefs; fpare the guilty too! Where fin is not, to punifh were unjuft;

And where fin is, O king! there fell remorfe Supplies the place of punifoment :

> DARIUS.

No more!
My word is paft! Not one requeft, faye this, Shalt thos e'er make in vain. Approach, my friends, Arafpes has already fpread the tale, And fee, what crowds advance.

> PEOPLE.

Long live Darius!
Long live great Daniel too, the people's friend!

## DARIUS.

Draw near, my fubjects. See this holy man!
Death had no pow'r to harm him. Yon fell band Of famifh'd lions, foften'd at his fight, Forgot their nature, and grew tame before him. The mighty God protects his fervants thus ! The righteous thus he refenes from the fnare Of death; while fratd's artificer fhall fall In the deep gulf his wily arts devife, To fnare the innocent!

## A COURTIER. <br> To the fame den

Arafpes bears Pharnaces and his friends; Fall'n is their infolence! With prayr's and tears, And all the meannefs of high-crefted pride, When adverfe fortune frowns, they beg for life. Arafpes will not hear. "You heard not me, LIt cries, when I for Daniel's tife implor'd;

His God protected him! fee now, if yours
Will liften to your cries ?"

## DARIUS. <br> Now hear,

People, and nations! languages and realms!
O'er whom I rule; Peace be within your walk !
That I may banifh from the minds of men
The rafh decree gone out; hear me refolve
To counteract its force by one more juft.
In ev'ry kingdom of my wide-ftretch'd realm,
From fair Chaldea to the extremeft bound Of northern Media, be my edict fent, And this my ftatute known. My heralds hafte, And fpread my royal mandate thro' the land, That all my fubjects bow the ready knee To Daniel's Ggd-for he alone is Lord.
Let all adore, and tremble at his name,
Who fits in glory unapproachable
Above the heav'ns-above the heav'n of heavens!
His pow'r is everlafting; and his throne,
Founded in equity and truth, fhall laft
Beyond the bounded reign of time and fpace,
Thro' wide eternity! With his right-arm
He faves, and who oppofes? He defends,
And who fhall injure? In the perilous den
He refcued Daniel from the lions' mouth!
His common deeds are wonders, and his works,
One ever-during chain of miracles!

## Enter A R A S PES.

ARASPES.
All hail, O king! Darius live for ever!
May all thy foes be as Pharnaces is!
DARIUS.

## DARIUS.

Arafpes, fpeak ?
ARASPES.
O, let me fpare the tale? -
'Tis full of horror! Dieadful was the fight!
The hungry lions, greedy for their prey,
Devour'd the wretched princes, ere they reach'd The bottom of the den.

> DARIUS.
> Now, now confefs,
'Twas fome fuperior hand reftrain'd their rage, And tam'd their furious appetites.

> PEOPLE.
${ }^{\cdot}$ Tis true !
The God of Daniel is a mighty GoD 1
He faves, and he deftroys.

> ARASPES.
> O, friend! O, Daniel !

No wav'ring doubts can ever more difturb My fettled faith.

> DANIEL.
> To GoD be all the glory

$$
\mathbf{Y}
$$

THE EN D.

$$
\left[\begin{array}{lll}
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\end{array}\right]
$$

## R E F L E C T I O N S

O F

## K I NG HEZEKIA H.

IN HIS SICKNESS.

Set thime houfe in order, for thou fhalt die.
ISAIAH, Xxxviii.

W H A T, and no more ?-Is this my foul, faid I, My whole of being?-Muft I furely die? Be robb'd at once of health, of ftrength, of time, Of youth's fair promife, and of pleafure's prime? Shall I no more behold the face of morn, The cheerful day-light, and the fpring's return ? Muft I the feftive bow'r, the banquet leave, For the dull chambers of the darkfome grave ?

## KING HEZEKIAH:

Have I confider'd what it is to die ?
In native duft with kindred worms to lie ;
To fleep in cheerlefs cold neglect ; to rot ;
My body loath'd, my very name forgot!
Not one of all thofe parafites, who bend
The fupple knee, their monarch to attend !
What, not one friend! No, not an hireling flave,
Shall hail Great Hezekiah in the grave!
Where's he, who falfely claim'd the name of Great?
Whofe eye was terror, and whofe frown was fate;
Who aw'd an hundred nations from the throne ?
See where he lies, dumb, friendlefs, and alone!
Which grain of duft proclaims the noble birth?
Which is the royal particle of earth?
Where are the marks, the princely enfigns where ?
Which is the flave, and which great David's heir?
Alas! the beggar's afhes are not known From his, who lately fat on Ifrael's throne !

How fands my great account? My foul, furvey 'The debt Eternal Justice bids thee pay! Shou'd I frail Memory's records ftrive to blot, Will Heav'n's tremendous reck'ning be forgot : Can I, alas! the awful volime tear ?
Or raze one page of the dread regifter ?
> "Prepare thy boufe, thy beart in order fet;
> "Prefare, the Fudge of Heaven and Earth to meet." So fpake the warning Prophet.-Awful words! Which fearfully my troubled foul records. Am I prepar'd ? and con I meet my doom, Nor fhudder at the dreaded wrath to come?

Is all in order fet, my houfe, my heart? Does no befetting fin ftill clain a part ? Does no one cherifh'd vice, with ling'ring pace ${ }_{j}$. Reluctant leave me to the work of grace ? Did I each day for this great day prepare, By righteous deeds, by fin-fubduing pray'r? Did I each night, each day's offence repent, And each unholy thought and word lament ? Still have thefe ready hands th' afficted fed;
And miaifter'd to Want her daily bread ? The caufe, I knew not, did I well explore? Friend, advocate, and parent of the poor?
Did I, to gratify fome fudden guft
Of thoughtlefs appetite ; fome impious luft .
Of pleafure or of power, fuch fums employ
As won'd have crown'd pale penury with joy?
Did $I$ in groves turbidden altars raife,
Or molten Gods adore, or idols praife?
Did my firm faith to Heav'n ftill point the way?
Did charity to man my actions fway ?
Did meek eye'd Patience all my fteps attend ?
Did gen'rous Candour mark me for her friend?
Did I unjuftly feek to build my name
On the pil'd ruins of another's fame?
Did I, like hell, abhor th' infidious lie,
The low deceit, th' unmanly calumny ?
Did my fix'd foul the impious wit deteft?
Did my firm virtue fcorn th' unhallow'd jeft ;
The fneer profane, and the poor ridicule
Of fhallow Infidelity's dull fchool?
Did I ftill live as born one day to die, And view th' eternal world with conftant eye?

If fo I liv'd, if fo I kept thy word, In mercy view, in mercy hear me, Lord! My holieft deeds indulgence will require, The beft but to forgivenefs will afpire; If thou my pureft fervices regard, 'Twill be with pardon only, not reward!

How imperfection's famp'd on all below!
How fin intrudes on all we fay or do! How late in all the infolence of health, I charm'd th' Affrian * by my boaft of wealth t: How fundly, with elab'rate pomp, difplay'd My glittr'ing treafures! with what triumph laid My guld. and gems before his dazzled eyes, And found a rich reward in his furprife! O , mean of foul! can wealth elate the heart, Which of the man himfelt is not a part ? 0 , poverty of pride! O , foul difgrace! Difgufted Reafon, bluthing, hides her face. Mortal, and proud! ftrange contradißting terms ! Pride for Death's victim, for the prey of worms ! Of all the wonders which th' eventful life Of man prefents; of all the mental frife Of warring paffions; all the-raging fires Of furious appetites, and mad defires, Not one fo ftrange appears as this alone, That man is proud of what is not his own.

* This is an anachronifm. Hezekiab did not Jeew bis treafures to the Alyyrian till after his recovery from his ficknefs.

How fhort is human life! the very breath, Which frames my words, accelerates my death. Of this fhort life how large a portion's fled!
To what is gone I am already dead ;
As dead to all my years and minutes paft, As I, to what remains, fhall be at laft. Can I my cares and pains fo far forget,
To view my vanifh'd years with fond regret?
Can I again my worn-out fancy cheat ?
Indulge frefh hope? folicit new deceit ?
Of all thie vanities weak man admires,
Which greatnefs gives, or fanguine youth defires,
Of thefe, my foul, which haft thou not enjoy'd ?
With each, with all, thy fated pow'rs are cloy'd.
What can I then expect from length of days ?
More wealth, more wifdom, pleafure, health, or praife?
More pleafure! hope not that, deluded king ?
For when did age increafe of pleafure bring ?
Is health, of years prolong'd the common boaft ?
And dear-earn'd praife, is it not cheaply loft ?
More wifdom! that indeed were happinefs;
That were a wifh a king might well confefs :
But when did Wifdom covet length of days;
Or feek its blifs in pleafure, wealth, or praife ?
No:-_Wifdom views with an indifferent eye
All finite joys, all bleffings born to die.
The foul on earth is an immortal guef,
Compell'd to ftarve at an unreal feaft:
A fpark, which upward tends by nature's force ;
A fream, diverted from its parent fource;
A drop, diffever'd from the boundlefs fea;
A moment, parted from eternity ;

A pilgrim, panting for the reft to come? An exile, anxious for his native home.

Why fhou'd I afk my forfeit life to fave?
Is Heav'n unjuft, which dooms me to the grave ?
Was I with hope of endlefs days deceiv'd ?
Or of lov'd life am I alone bereav'd ?
Let all the great, the rich, the learn'd, the wife,
Let all the fhades of Judah's monarchs rife ;
And fay, if genius, learning, empire, wealth, Youth, beauty, virtue, frength, renown, or health,
Has once revers'd th' immutable decree
On Adam pafs'd, of man's mortality ?
What-have thefe eyes ne'er feen the felon worm
The damafk cheek devour, the finif'd form ?
On the pale rofe of blafted beauty feed, And riot on the lip fo lately red?
Where are our fathers? Where th' illuftrious line Of holy prophets, and of men divine ? Live they for ever ? Do they fhun the grave?
Or when did Wildom its profeffor fave ?
When did the brave efcape ? When did the breath Of Eloquence charm the dull ear of Death ?
When did the cunning argument avail,
The polifh'd period, or the varnilh'd tale;
The eye of lightning, or the foul of fire,
Which thronging thoufands crowded to admire ?
Ev'n while we praife the verfe, the poet dies;
And filent as his lyre great David lies.
Thou, blefs'd Ifaiah! who, at God's command,
Now fpeak'ft repentance to a guilty land,

## 376 REFLECTIONS, ơ่.

Muft die! as wife and good thou hadft not been, As Nebat's fon, who taught the land to fin!

And thall $I$, ther, be fpar'd ? O monftrous pride! Shall I efcape, when Solomon has died? If all the worth of all the faints was vainPeace, peace, my troubled foul, nor dare complain! Lord! 1 fubmit. Complete thy gracious will! For if Thou flay me *, I will truft Thee ftill. O be my will fo fwallow'd up in thine, That I may do thy will in doing mine.

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\neq 70 b
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THEE END.

## $\left[\begin{array}{lll}{[77}\end{array}\right]$

## S E N S I B I L I T Y:

A

## POETICALEPISTLE

TOTHE

HON. MRS. BOSCAWEN.*

Spirits are not finely touch'd But to fine iffues Shakespeare。

Accept, Boscawen ! there unpolifh'd lays, Nor blame too much the verfe you cannot praife. For you far other bards have wak'd the fring; Far other bards for your were wont to fing. Yet on the gale their parting mufic fteals, Yet, your charm'd ear the lov'd impreffion feels. You heard the lyres of Lyttleton and Young; And this a Grace, and that a Seraph ftrung.

* This little Poem was fent feveral years ago, as an Epifle, to the bonoured Friend to whom it is infcribed. It bas fince been enlarged; and feveral paffages bave been added, or altered, as circumfances required.

Thefe are no more! But not with thefe decline The Attic chaftenefs, and the flame divine. Still, fad * Elfrida's Poet fhall complain, And either WARTON breathe his claffic ftrain. Nor fear left genuine poefy expire, While tuneful Beattie wakes old Spenfer's lyre. His fympathetic lay his foul reveals, And paints the perfect Bard from what he feels.

Illuftrious Lowth $\dagger$ I for him the mufes wove, The faireft garland from the greeneft grove. Tho' Latian bards had gloried in his name, When in full brightnefs burnt the Latian flame : Yet, fir'd with nobler hopes than tranfient Bays, He fcorn'd the meed of perifhable praife; Spurn'd the cheap wreath by human fcience won, Borne on the wing fublime of Amos' fon: He feiz'd his mantle as the Prophet flew, And with his mantle caught his firit too.

To fnatch bright beauty from devouring fate, And bid it boaft with him a deathlefs date; To flew how Genius fires, how Tafte reftrains, While what both are his fencil beft explains, Have we not Reynolds $\ddagger$ ? Lives not Jenyns yet; To prove his loweft title was a Wit ?
Tho' purer flames thy hallow'd zeal infpire Than e'er were kindled at the Mufe's fire;

Thee,

> *Milton calls Euripides-Sad Electra's Poet.
> + Ibe Bifbop of London.
> $\ddagger$ See bis Difcourfes to the Academy.

## A POETICAL EPISTLE.

Thee, mitred * Chester! all the Nine fhall boaft: And is not Johnson theirs, himfelf an hoft ?

Yes:-Atill for you your gentle ftars difpenfe The charm of friendfhip, and the feaft of fenfe. Yours is the blifs, and Heav'n no dearer fends, To call the wifeft, brighteft, beft-your friends.

With Carter trace the wit to Athens known, Or find in Montagu that wit our own. Or, pleas'd, attend Chapone's inftructive page; Which charms her own, and forms the rifing age. Or boaft in Walsingham the various pow'r, To footh the lonely, grace the letter'd hour;
To polifh'd life its higheft charm fhe gives, Whofe fong is mufic, and whole canvafs lives.. Delany fhines, in worth ferenely bright, Wifdom's ftrong ray, and Virtue's milder light ; And the who blefs'd the friend, and grac'd the pageOf Swift, ftill lends her luftre to our age : Long, long protract thy light, O far benign! Whofe fetting beams with added brightnefs fline!

O, much-lov'd Barbauld I fhall my heart refufeIts tribute to thy Virtues and thy Mufe? While round thy brow the Poet's wreathe I twine, This humble merit fhall at leaft be mine, In all thy praife to take a gen'rous part ; Thy laurels bind thee clofer to my heart :

- See the BiJoop's admirable Poem on Death.

My verfe thy merits to the world fhall teach, And love the genius it defpairs to reach.

Yet, what is wit, and what the Poet's art ?
Can Genius fheld the vulnerable heart ?
Ah, no! where bright imagination reigns,
'The fine wrought-fpirit feels acuter pains:
Where glow exalted fenfe, and tafte refin'd,
There keener anguifh rankles in the mind:
There feeling is diffus'd thro' ev'ry part,
Thrills in each nerve, and lives in all the heart :
And thofe, whofe gen'rous fouls each tear wou'd keep-
From others' eyes, are born themfelves to weep.
Say, can the boafted pow'rs of wit and fong, Of life one pang remove, one hour prolong? Prefumptuous hope! which daily truths deride; For you, alas! have wept-and Garrick dy'd! Ne'er fhall my heart his lov'd remembrance lofe,
Guide, critic, guardian, glory of my mufe!
Oh, fhades of Hampton! witnels as I mourn,
Cou'd wit or fong elude bis deffin'd urn ?
Tho' living virtue fill your haunts endears,
Yet bury'd worth flall juftify my tears!
Garrick! thofe pow'rs which form a friend were thine ? And let me add, with pride, that friend was mine:
With pride! at once the vain emotion's fled;
Far other thoughts are facred to the dead.
Who now with fpirit keen, yet judgment cool, Th' unequal wand'rings of my mufe fhall rule? Whofe partial praife my worthlefs verfe enfure?
For Candor fmil'd, when Garrick wou'd endure.

## A POETICALEPISTLE.

If harfher critics were compell'd to blame, I gain'd in friendfhip what I loft in fame ; And friendfhip's foft'ring fimiles carr well repay What critic rigour juftly takes away.
With keen acumen how his piercing eye The fault, conceal'd from vulgar view, wou'd fpy While with a gen'rous warmth he ftrove to hide, Nay rindicate, the fault his judgment fied. So pleas'd, cou'd he detect a happy line, That he wou'd fancy merit ev'n in mine. Oh gen'rous error, when by friend his bred! His praifes flatter'd me, but not mifled.

No narrow views cou'd bound his lib'ral mind; His friend was man, his party human kind. Agreed in this, oppofing ffatefmen ftrove Who moft thou'd gain his praife, or court his love.
His worth all hearts as to one centre drew ;
Thus Tully's Atticus was Cæefar's too.
His wit fo keen it never mifs'd its end; So blamelefs too, it never loft a friend; So chafte, that Modefty ne'er learn'd to fear ; So pure, Religion might unwounded hear.

How his quick mind, ftrong pow'rs, and ardent heart ${ }_{\text {- }}$ Impoverifh'd nature, and exhaufted art, A brighter bard records *, a deathlefs mufe! But I his talents in his virtues lofe :

Great parts are Nature's gift; but that he mone Wife, moral, good and virtuons-was his own. Tho' Time his filent hand acrofs has ftole, Soft'ning the tints of forrow on the foul; The deep inmpreffion long my heart fhall fill, And every mellow'd trace be perfect ftill.

Forgive, Boscawen, it my forrowing heart, Intent on grief, forget the rules of art ;
Forgive, if wounded recollection melt-
You beft can pardon who have of'neft felt. Youl, who for many a friend and hero mourn, Who bend in anguif o'er the frequent urn ; You, who have found how much the feeling heart Shapes its own wound, and points itfelf the dart ; You, who from tender fad experience feel The wounds fuch minds receive can never heal;
That grief a thoufand entrances can find, Where parts fuperior dignify the mind;
Wou'd you renounce the pangs thofe feelings give, Secure in joylefs apathy to live ?

For tho in fouls, where tafte and fenfe abound, Pain thro' a thoufand avenues can wound;
Yet the fame avenues are open fill,
To cafual bleffings as to cafual ill.
Nor is the trembling temper more awake To every wound which mifery can make,
Than is the finely-fafhion'd nerve alive
To every tranfport pleafure has to give.
For if, when home-felt joys the mind elate,
It mourns in fecret for another's fate ;

## A POETICALEPISTLE.

Yet when its own fad griefs invade the breaft, Abroad, in others bleffings, fee it bleft! Ev'n the foft forrow of remember'd woe A not unplealing fadnefs may beftow.

Let not the vulgar read this penfive frain,
Their jefts the tender anguifh wou'd profane :
Yet thefe fome deem the happieft of their kind,
Whofe low enjoyments never reach'd the mind;
Who ne'er a pain but for themfelves have known.
Nor ever felt a forrow but their own ;
Who call romantic every finer thought,
Conceiv'd by pity, or by friend hhip wrought.
Ah! wherefore happy? where's the kindred mind ?
Where, the large foul that takes in human kind ?
Where, the beft paffions of the mortal breaft ?
Where, the warm bleffing when another's bleet ?
Where, the foft lenitives of others' pain,
The focial fympathy, the fenfe humane ?
The figh of rapture, and the tear of joy, Anguifh that charms, and tranfports that deftroy?
For tender Sorrow has her pleafures too; Pleafures, which profp'rous Dulnefs never knew. She never knew, in all her coarfer blifs, The facred rapture of a pain like this !
Nor think, the cautious only are the juf;
Who never was deceiv'd I wou'd not truft.
Then take, ye happy vulgar! take your part Of fordid joy, which never touch'd the heart. Benevolence, which feldom ftays to chufe, Leथ pa:fing Prudence teach her to refufe; Friendhif, which once deeermin'd, never fiwerves, Weighs ere it trufts, but weighs not ere it ferves;

And foft-ey'd Pity, and Forgivenefs bland, And melting Charity with open hand;
And artlefs Love, believing and believ'd, And gen'rous Confidence which ne'er deceiv'd; And Mercy ftretching out, ere Want can fpeak, To wipe the.tear from pale Affliction's cheek; Thefe ye have never known!-then take your part Of fordid joy, which never touch'd the heart.

Ye, who have melted in bright Glory's flame, Or felt the fpirit-firring breath of fame!
Ye noble few! in whom her promis'd meed Wakes the great thought, and makes the wifh the deed!
Ye, who have tafted the delight to give,
And, God's own agents, bid the wretched live;
Who the chill haunts of Defolation feek,
Raife the funk heart, and fufh the fading cheek?
Ye, who, with penfive Petrarch, love to mourn,
Or weave frefh chaplets for Tibullus' urn ;
Who cherifh both in Hammond's plaintive lay,
The Provence myrtle, and the Roman bay!
Ye, who divide the joys, and flare the pains
Which merit feels, or Heav'n-born Fancy feigns;
Wou'd you renounce fuch joys, fuch pains as thefe,
For vulgar pleafures, or for felfifh eafe ?
Wou'd you, to 'fcape the pain the joy forego.:
And mifs the tranfport, to avoid the woe?
Wou'd you the fenfe of real forrow lofe,
Or ceafe to woo the melancholy Mufe?
No, Greville *! no!-Thy fong tho' freep'd in rears,
Tho' all thy foul in all thy frain appears;

[^9]
## A POETICALEPISTLE.

Yet wou'df thou all thy well-fung anguifh chufe, And all th' inglorious peace thou begg'ft, refufe.

Or you, Boscawen! when you fondly melt, In raptures none but mothers ever felt; And view, enamour'd, in your beauteous race, All Leveson's fweetnefs, and all Beaufort's grace! Yet think what dangers each lov'd child may fhare,
The youth if valiant, and the maid if fair ;
That perils multiply as bleffings flow,
And conflant forrows on enjoyments grow :
You, who have felt how fugitive is joy,
That while we chafp the phantom we deftroy;
That life's bright fun is dimin'd by clouded views,
And who have moft to love have moft to lofe;
Yet from thefe fair poffefions wou'd you part,
To fhield from future pain your guarded heart?
Wou'd your fond mind renounce its tender boaft,
Or wifh their op'ning bloom of promife loft?
Yield the dear hopes, which break upon your view,
For all the quiet, Dulnef's ever knew ?
Debafe the objects of your tend'reft pray'r, To fave the dangers of a diftant care ?
Confent, to fhun the anxious fears you prove;
They lefs fhou'd merit, or you defs fhou'd love? $n$
Yet, while I hail the Sympathy Divine,
Which makes, O manl-the wants of others thine:
I mourn heroic Juseice, fcarcely own'd,
And principle for sentiment dethron'd.
While Feeling boalts her ever-tearfil eye,
Stern Truth, firin Faith, and manly Virtur dy.

Siveet Sensibility! thou foothing pow'r, Who fhedd'f thy bleffings on the natal hour, Like fairy favours! Art can never feize, Nor Affectation catch thy pow'r to pleafe:
Thy fubtile effence ftill elades the chains
Of Definition, and defeats her pains.
Sweet Senfibility! thou keen delight!
Thou hafty moral! fudden fenfe of right!
Thou untaught goodnefs! Virtue's precious feed!
Thou fiweet precurfor of the gen'rous deed! :
Beauty's quick relifh! Reafon's radiant morn,
Which dawns foft light before Kefexion's born!
To thofe who know thee not, no words can paint!
And thofe who know thee, know all words are faint !
' $T$ is not to mourn becaufe a fparrow dies;
To rave in artificial extafies:
'Tis not to melt in tender Otway's fires;
'Tis not to faint, when injur'd Sbore expires:
'Tis not becaufe the ready eye o'erflows
At Clementine's, or Clarifa's woes.
Forgive, O Richardson ! nor think I mean, With cold contempt, to blaft thy peerlefs fcene : If fome faint love of virtue glow in me, Pure fpirit! I firft caught that flame from thee.

While foft Compaffion filently relieves, Loquacious Fecling hints how mich the gives; Iaments how oft her wounded heart has bled, And boufts of many a tear fhe never fhed.

As words are but th' exterial marks, to tell
The fair ideas in the mind that dwell;

And only are of things the outward fign, And not the things themfelves, they but define ; So exclamations, tender tones, fond tears, And all the graceful drapery Pity wears ; Thefe are not Pity's felf, they but exprefs Her inward fufferings by their pictur'd drefs ; And thefe fair marks, reluctant I relate, Thefe lovely fymbols may be counterfeit. Celeftial Pity! why muff 1 deplore, Thy facred image ftamp'd on baieft ore ? There are, who fill with brilliant plaints the page,
If a poor linnet meet the gunner's rage :
There are, who for a dyng fawn difplay
The tend'reft anguith in the fweereft lay;
Who for a wounded animal deplore,
As if friend, parent, country were no more ;
Who boaft quick rapture trembling in their eye,
If from the fider's fnare they fave a fly;
Whofe well-fing forrows every breat mflame,
And break all hearts but his from whom they came;
Yet, fecrning life's dull dutie; to attend,
Will perfecute a wife, or wrong a friend;
Alive to every woe by fi.zion drefs'd;
The innocent he wrong'd, the wretch diffrefs'd,
May flead in vain ; their fuff'rings come not near,
Or he relieves them cheaply, with a tear.
Not fo the render moralift * of Tweed;
His Man of liceling is a man indeed.
A $a_{2}$
Oh,

[^10]Oh, blefs'd Compaffion! Angel Charity !
More dear one genuine deed perform'd for thee,
Than all the periods Feeling e'er can turn,
Than all thy foothing pages, polifh'd Serenes!
Not that by deeds alone this love's expreft, If fo, the affluent only were the bleft.
One filent wifh, one pray's, one foothing word, The precious page of Mercy fhall record;
One foul-felt figh by pow'rlefs Pity giv'n, Accepted incenfe! flall afcend to Heav'n.

Since trifles make the fum of human things,
And half our mis'ry from our foibles fprings;
Since life's beft joys confift in peace and eafe, And few can fave or ferve, but all may pleafe;
Oh! let th' ungembe firit learn from hence,
A fmall unkindnefs is a great offence.
Large bounties to beftow we wifh in vain,
But all may flun the guilt of giving pain.
To blefs mankind with tides of flowing wealth,
With pow'r to grace them, or to crown with healths,
Our little lot denies; but Heav'n decrees
To all, the gift of minift'ring to eafe.
The gentle offices of patient love;
Beyond all flatt'ry, and all price above;
The mild forbearance at another's fault,
The taunting word, fupprefs'd as foon as thought;
On thefe Heav'n bade the blifs of life depend, And cruffid ill-fortune when he made a Friend.

A folitary blefling few can find,
Our joys with thofe we love are intertwin'd;

## A POETICALEPISTLE.

And he, whofe helpful tendernefs removes Th' obftructing thorn which wounds the breaft he loves, Smooths not anether's rugged path alone, But featters rofes to adorn his own.

The hint malevolent, the look oblique,
The obvious fatire, or implied diflike;
The fneer equivocal, the harf reply,
And all the cruel language of the eye;
The artful injury, whofe venom'd dart, Scarce wounds the hearing while it ftabs the hearter
The guarded phrafe whofe meaning kills, yet told,
The lift'ner wonders how you thought it cold ;
Small flights, contempt, neglect unnix'd with hate, .
Make up in number what they want in weight.
Thefe, and a thoufand griefs minute as thefe,
Corrode our comtort, and deftroy our eafe.
As this frong feeling tends to good or ill, .
It gives frefh pow'r to vice or principle;

- Tis not peculiar to the wife and geod;
,Tis paffion's flame, the virtue of the blood.
But to divert it to its proper courfe,
'There Wifdom's pow'r appears, there Reafon's force;
If, ill-directed, it purfues the wrong,
It adds new frength to what before was ftrong;
Breaks out in wild irregular defires,
Diforder'd palfions, and illicit fires.
But if the virtuous bias rule the foul,
This lovely feeling then adoras the whole ;
Sheds its fweet funfhine on the moral part,
Nor waftes on fancy what thou'd warm the heart.

Cold and inert the mental pow'rs would lie, Without this quick'ning fpark of Deity. To draw the rich materials from the mine, To bid the mads of intellect refine; To melt the firm, to animate the cold, And Heaven's own in?prefs famp on nature's gold; To give immortal Mind its fiheft tone, Oh, Sensibility! is all thy own. This is th' etherial fame which lights and warms, In fog transports us, and in action charms. 'Wis This that makes the penfive trains of Gray * Win to the open heart their leafy way. Makes the touch'd frit glow with kindred fire, When fret Serena's $\dagger$ poet wakes the lyre. ${ }^{*}$ Th is this, tho' Nature's hidden treafures lie, Bare to the keen infection of her eye, Makes Portland's face its brighteft rapture wear, When her large bounty froths the bed of care. 'Cis this that breathes tho' Sevigne's fret page, That namelefs grace which foothes a fecond age. ${ }^{\prime}$ This this, whole charms the foul refiftlefs feize, And gives Boscawen half her pow'r to plate.

$$
\mathrm{Yct},
$$

* This is meant of the Elegy in a Country Churchyard; of which exquifite Poem, Senfibility is, perhaps, ike characteriffic beauty.
+ Triumphs of Temper.


## A POETICALEPISTLE.

Yet, why thofe terrors? why that anxious care, Since your laft $\dagger$ hope the deathful war will dare?
Why diead that energy of foorl which leads To dang'rous. glory by heroic deeds ?
Why tremble left this ardent foul afpire? You fear the fon becaufe you knew the fire. Hereditary valour you deflore, And dread, yet wifh to find one hero more.
$\dagger$ Vifcount Falmouth, Admiral Bofcawen's only remaining fon, was then in. Amerrica, and at the battle of Lexington.

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(x)


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[^0]:    * Cowley.

[^1]:    * Ifaiab, chas. vi.

[^2]:    * The ancient Egyftians ufed :o wafb their bodies four dioces cvery lwenty-four hows.

[^3]:    * 2 Kings, cbap. xxv.

[^4]:    * The name of Nebuchadnezzar not bieing reducible roverfe, I have alopted that of Ncolffar, on the autbority of the ingenious and learned Author of Judah Reftored.

[^5]:    * Nebuchadnczzar.

[^6]:    * 2 Chron. chap. «xxiii. Alfo Ifaiah, cbap. xxxviii.

[^7]:    * IJaiab, cbap. xlvi.

[^8]:    *Wifdom of Solomon, cbat. vii.

    + See Paradije L.of, book vii. l. 225 ; aljo Proverbsy. shap, viii. ver. 27.

[^9]:    * Sce the beaut:ifnl Ode to Indifference.

[^10]:    * Mr. Mackenzic, author of the Mivrory Man of Fecl=ing; びc.

